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THE BOOKMAN

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Chronicle and Comment

A British Taste-Battle: the Occasion

It is not our fault that so long a time has passed since we recorded in these columns any sort of literary scrimmage. To all who take a sportsman's interest in these affairs it is evident that of late years belles lettres have lost their bellicosity. Time was when an insult really insulted and the hot words flew back and forth and you could watch the display of the ugly but entertaining passions through several issues of a magazine. Nowadays bad names merely make an author grumpy and "dignified." Even in the best British literary periodicals taste-battles are growing rare. Hence the value of a little rumpus among minor poets that broke out in the London *Saturday Review* in May and sputtered along for many weeks waxing the warmest in July. Its origin was perfectly natural and simple. Two minor poets became exceedingly indignant because a reviewer spoke well of a third. The reviewer, a Mr. J. E. Barton, treated with some seriousness the verses of Mr. John Masefield and concluded his article with a mild commendation. He was careful to call them verses and did not venture to settle any question of high poetic rank. He was quite aware of the coarseness and brutality of many passages. He admitted, for example, that his sense of beauty was unsatisfied when Mr. Masefield wrote such lines as

Come and see Jimmy have his belly bunted.

But at the same time he refused to be so scandalised by these things as to deny Mr. Masefield any merit whatever. For if Mr. Masefield wrote of gin and prostitutes in a manner to bring the blush to the cheek of a middle-aged poetic competitor, he wrote also passages like the following:

Perhaps when man has entered in
His perfect city free from sin,
The campers will come past the walls
With old lame horses full of galls,
And waggons hung about with withies,
And burning coke in tinkers' stithies,
And see the golden town, and choose,
And think the wild too good to lose,
And camp outside, as these camped then,
With wonder at the entering men.

Which seemed to the reviewer, as they will seem, we think, to many casual

LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. DU MAURIER'S GRAVE

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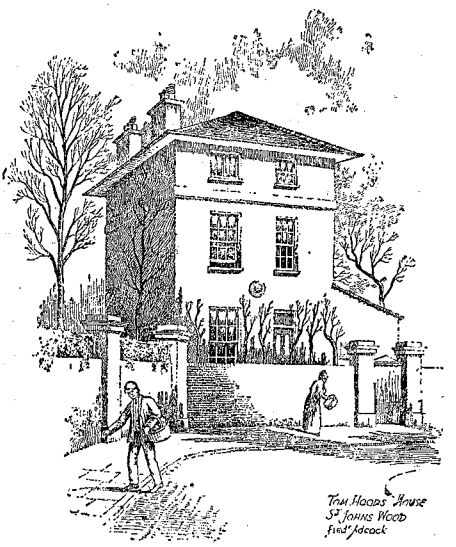

LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. HOODS'S HOUSE

readers of current verse, to emerge distinctly from the dead level of what is known as the "poetical output." And since the damnation of Mr. Masefield would logically involve the double damnation of hosts of blameless beings now toiling in rhyme, he lays no curse upon him, but even breathes a prayer that he may somehow contrive to work out his own salvation. In short, an even-tempered, open-minded review of a minor poet in relation to minor poetry—not measuring his distance from the top but from the very bottom of Parnassus.

The Crushing Rebuke

But when one minor poet hears another minor poet praised—or even pardoned—it is natural that he should say to himself, "How about me?" And it seems that a certain person who signs himself T. W. H. C. writes verses also and is known to certain British readers (who probably carry reading to excess) as "no mean poet." The kindness of Mr. Barton toward Mr. Masefield is therefore offensive to T. W. H. C., and he writes a letter to the *Saturday Review* for the purpose of annihilating both reviewer and reviewed. He disdains all argument with Mr. Barton. With superb gesture he brushes Mr. Barton aside, merely saying "This is the end of him." But to the crushing of Mr. John Masefield he applies himself with considerable heaviness.

Now we may read both these so-called poems in cold blood and put them to a simple test. Let us subtract from each work the very commonplace and hackneyed expressions of religious emotion with which both of them are garnished and rounded off, and what remains which would be called "great" even by Mr. Masefield's publishers, or which would be worth discussing over nearly two pages of the *Saturday Review?*

The answer is not hard to find.

If we could bring ourselves to Mr. Masefield's view of poetry, religion and commerce we would undertake to produce inside a fortnight two poems similar in length and quality to "The Everlasting Mercy" and the "Widow in Bye Street" out of the late Dr. Crippen and the beautiful amours of the Baptist minister who has lately been electrocuted in New York.

LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. SHERIDAN'S HOUSE

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Mr. Barton Rallies

That of course let the cat out of the bag and gave Mr. Barton his chance. When one man says that he could write all another man's poetry for him in two weeks, if he were willing to stoop to that low business, the point at issue immediately becomes almost indelicately plain. It is whether Mr. T. W. H. C. is a better writer than Mr. Masefield. Mr. T. W. H. C. is perfectly sure that he is. He feels it in his bones. Where, outside of tight little British weekly literary Bumbledom do we find these candid public revelations of strictly private grandeurs? This sudden and incautious exposure of T. W. H. C.'s inner assurances naturally invites Mr. Barton's attention—

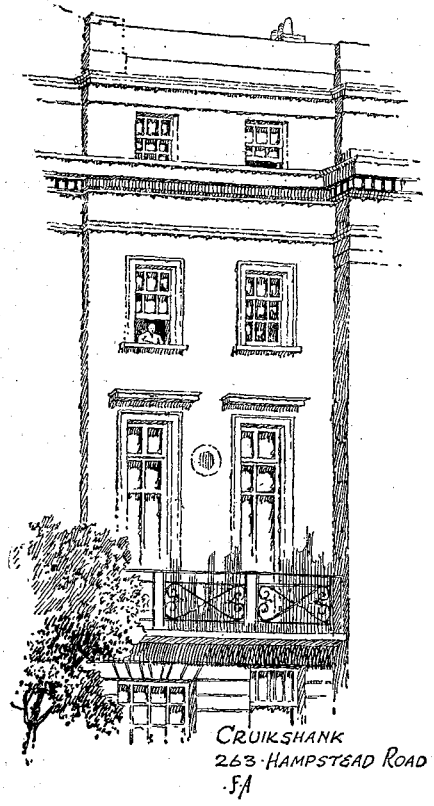
Incidentally it may be observed that the hypothetical "undertaking"—to match other writers with ease on their own ground, if only one could degrade one's high soul to the level

LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. HOGARTH'S HOUSE

of such competition—is a sort of thing we have heard once or twice before. It is not likely to convince the plain man. Here, as in most of his critical lucubrations, T. W. H. C. invites us to take him on trust. He is always ready and anxious to assure us that so-and-so has not "the smallest claim to consideration as a poet," but since he invariably fails to indicate the general lines on which poetry should be judged, and in fact offers no constructive or positive point of criticism whatsoever, his indiscriminate slashings beat the air.

At this point the discussion begins to warm up appreciably. Mr. Barton calls for T. W. H. C.'s credentials as a writer. He admits having read papers by him distinguished by "their blend of pontifical complacency and vacuous bluster." But what does he amount to after all?

For all I can tell he may privately possess abilities and character before which, if we only knew them, we should all bow the head. His published output in prose, however, reveals no specially solid attainment, as warrant for savage contempt of other men's work. As for his published verses, his sonnets and his political diatribes in metre, I can hardly suspect even T. W. H. C. of the egregious vanity of setting these up by implication, as the standard of poetry for the modern world.



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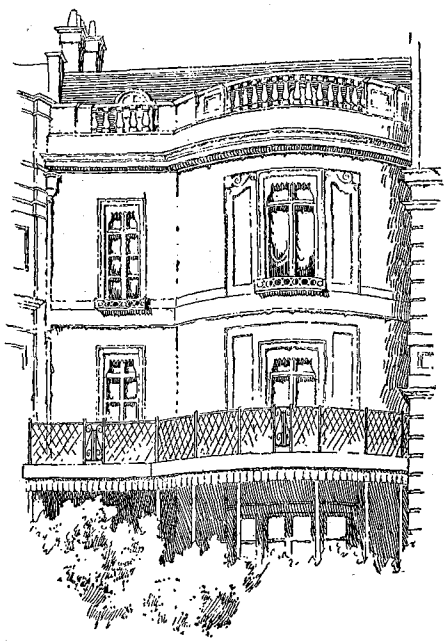

LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. SAMUEL ROGER'S HOUSE

He concludes with the remark that T. W. H. C.'s usual tone and temper is "compact of petty spleen and colossal bumptiousness."

Triple Extinguishment of Mr. Barton

Although T. W. H. C.'s reply appeared in the very next issue of the *Saturday,* the delay must have seemed to him intolerable. The idea of that creature Barton going about unimpaired for an entire week, and perhaps thinking well of himself! Five days before the magazine was printed, T. W. H. C. was ready with his rod for Barton—five whole days to wait ere Barton should be in pain! It seemed years. The reply began in the style so often assumed by British sarcasm, with the familiar words, "Poor dear Mr. Barton." Why is "poor dear" so valued as a weapon of offence in British literary battles? The combatants rush for it; each tries to use it first. Poor dear a man in a British literary weekly and the fight apparently is nearly won. So sometimes with Hoity-toity, Tilly-fally, and like exclamatory terms—they are employed there with the most sinister intent, and, for aught we know, fatally. "Tilly-fally, Mr. Barton," says T. W. H. C. in his merciless conclusion and then sternly "makes an end" of the whole "wretched and disgraceful business," meaning of course an end of Mr. Barton and of Mr. John Masefield and all their works. And even if Mr. Barton rose again after T. W. H. C. had twice declared him ended and pronounced "Tilly-fally" over him, it seemed unlikely that he could long endure, for now another minor poet was upon him. Lord Alfred Douglas had, it seems, written a review of Masefield's poetry in which he called it "muddy doggerel," leaving in his opinion no more to be said, but the editor of the *Saturday* had chosen to reject it. Lord Alfred Douglas now interposes on behalf of T. W. H. C.

"It is perhaps my misfortune," says he, "that until I read in your columns Mr. Barton's signed review of Mr. Masefield's poems, *I had never heard of Mr. Barton.*"

Thus is Mr. Barton not only for the third time ended, but it is even hinted that he never began, for not to have been heard of by Lord Alfred Douglas is, virtually, not to have lived at all. But though obliterated, Mr. Barton is severely admonished in a passage which is perhaps the best in the entire controversy and which we commend especially to the attention of those who believe that Charles Dickens exaggerated or burlesqued the traits of human character:

As to the last-named gentleman [T. W. H. C], he is well able to take care of himself and will probably not thank me for blowing his trumpet; all the same, I shall take the risk of reminding Mr. Barton that T. W. H. C., whose initials and style Mr. Barton considers it would be an affectation not to recognise, was for nearly three years joint editor with myself of the *Academy,* and that he is the author of some of the finest poetry that has been written during the last twenty years in this country. And if Mr. Barton is inclined to think that such a recommendation coming from me is one that he can afford to sneer at, let him turn back and read what the *Saturday Review* has had to say at various times *about me and my poetry,* and about this very T. W. H. C. and myself when we gave up the *Academy* about two years ago, *and let him, further, if*

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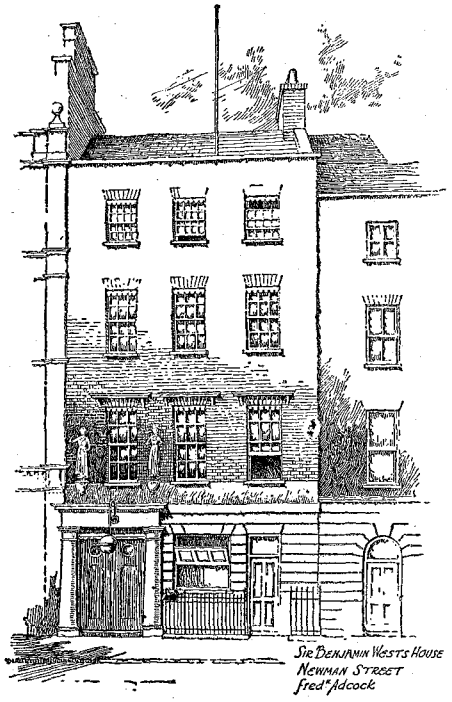
it be possible to him, learn to cultivate humility and modesty and a proper respect for his betters.

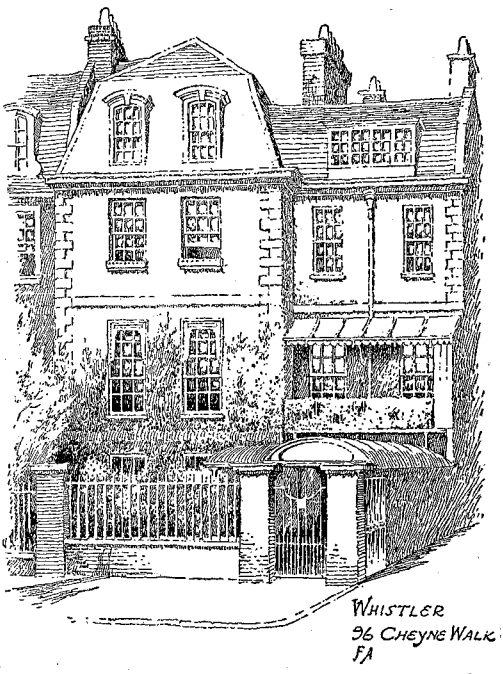
The italics are ours.

So much down to the end of June. In July the excitement of all concerned grew more intense but, unfortunately for the purposes of this chronicle, more incoherent. Mr. Barton did contrive to answer, but he lost his head. It was bad enough to learn that he had not been heard of by Lord Alfred Douglas. He suffered keenly under the sense of his own non-existence. But what really beat him down was the term "Tilly-fally." After they said "Tilly-fally," Mr. Barton was never quite the same man again. To be sure, he held to his main contention, but at times his mind wandered strangely. He became humble. He referred unnecessarily to his own inferiority in education and "immaturity as a writer." In his cowed state the figure of T. W. H. C. became many times its actual size.

Confusion of Combat: the Debris



LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. BENJAMIN WEST'S HOUSE



LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. WHISTLER'S HOUSE

I fear that your readers may be overawed in this matter by T. W. H. C.'s general authority in the world of letters.

And now and then he lost himself in utter irrelevancies, as, for example, the fact that T. W. H. C. had once said that the Bishop of London was too busy to be a saint, and that German women were "abdominal." He seemed unaware of the first rule of British literary warfare which is that you shall insist openly and by implication that you tower immeasurably above the foe. At this point nobody thought any more about the poetry of Mr. Masefield. It was all a confusion of gibes and gloatings, assertions of literary prestige and loud though unaccountable cries of victory. By the middle of July Lord Alfred Douglas and T. W. H. C. stood shoulder to shoulder remarking how very far below both of them the wretched Barton lay, and T. W. H. C. had told Barton never again to discuss poetry without consulting Lord Alfred Douglas; and Lord Alfred Douglas was saying to Barton, Henceforth on any poetical question, hush, Barton, till you have heard from T. W. H. C. And at that time T. W. H. C. was incidentally

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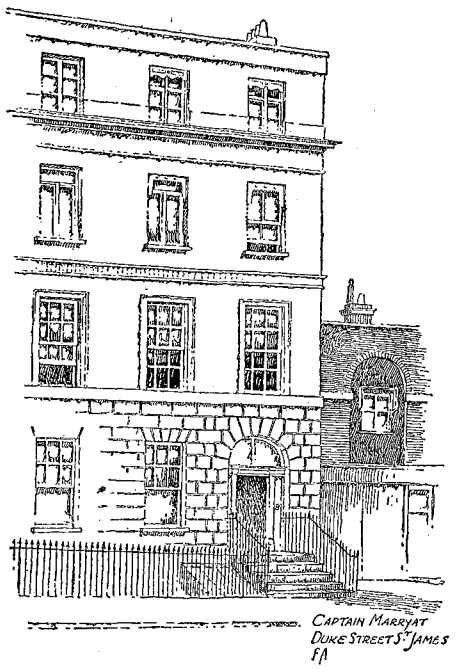
explaining how he came to have the "authority" he now possessed in the "world of letters"—

Of that authority it is unnecessary for me to pretend to be unconscious, and while I hope I may never appear to misuse it, still less do I propose to be bullied, browbeaten, slandered or misrepresented out of it by critics of the stripe of Mr. Barton. It is an authority which has cost me everything that the average man of my profession might consider worth having; it has profited me absolutely nothing but objurgation, distress and uncongenial toil; and if letters are the worse for it, let Mr. Barton



LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. MARRYAT'S HOUSE

and his fellow bolsterers-up of what they so sweetly call "the debatable" show me where and how.

And here the present narrator must leave them, not from any lack of interest but from an increasing dizziness of brain.

A. St. John Adcock

Arthur St. John Adcock, the author of *Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London,* which has just been published in this country by E. P. Dutton and Company, is the present acting editor of the English *Bookman,* a position in which he succeeded Sir William Robertson Nicoll. Although he had been designed for the law, early in life he drifted into the atmosphere of the new Grub Street. At twenty-one was writing on a comic paper of a chequered career. Mr. Adcock, the Editor, and a single cartoonist practically turned out the entire numbers of the publication. It was the first step in a profession in which Mr. Adcock has proved himself an astonishingly prolific worker. His publications include *An Unfinished Martyrdom,* 1894; *Beyond Atonement,* 1896; *East End Idylls,* 1897; *The Consecration of Hetty Fleet,* 1898; *In the Image of God,* 1898; *In the Wake of the War,* 1900; *The Luck of Private Foster,* 1900; *Songs of the War,* 1900; *From a London Garden,* 1903; *More Than Money,* 1903; *In Fear of Man,* 1904; *London Etchings,* 1904; *Admissions and Asides,* 1905; *London from the Top of a Bus,* 1906; *Love in London,* 1906; *The Shadow Show,* 1907; *The World that Never Was,* 1908, and *Billicks,* 1909. *Famous Literary Houses* is illustrated by his brother, Frederick Adcock.

Half Way in Dickens

In his surmises as to what the unwritten part of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* was to contain, "Claudius Clear," in the *British Weekly,* hits upon the idea that the finished portion was approximately just one-half of the book, and compares it with the first half of the other Dickens novels. *Edwin Drood,* as we have it, runs in round numbers to about 100,000 words. When completed it would have been 200,000 words. This would have made it slightly longer than *Great Expectations,* which may be estimated at 160,000 words. *A Tale of Two Cities* runs to 143,000 words. *Edwin Drood,* while slightly longer than this, would have been very much shorter than the larger works of Dickens. *David Copperfield* has about 306,000 words; *Bleak House,* 308,000, and *Our Mutual Friend,* 297,000. All these are practically the same length. *Barnaby Rudge* is about 264,000 words.

To begin with *Bleak House,* which is one of the latest and most elaborate of

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Dickens's stories. In the first half the characters arrive in crowds. There are in the first chapter ten or eleven. The second chapter brings My Lady Dedlock, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Mr. Tulkinghorn, and others. The third brings Esther Summerson and John Jarndyce, besides half a dozen more. The fourth brings us the Jellybys, with Mr. Guppy, and others. Krook and Nemo are the fresh arrivals in Chapter V; Mr. Harold Skimpole arrives in Chapter VI with the Coavinses. In Chapter VII there are six arrivals at least. Chapter VIII gives us the Pardiggles, Mr. Gusher, the brickmaker and family, and Jenny, his wife. In Chapter IX Mr. Lawrence Boythorn arrives alone; Chapter X gives us the Snagsbys, their predecessor, Peffer, the two prentices, and Guster, the servant. Miss Flite comes with Chapter XI, and along with her appear the young surgeon, the beadle, Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Anastasia Piper, and a few more. Chapter XII brings Mlle. Hortense, maid to Lady Dedlock, Lord Boodle and his retinue, the Right Hon. William Buffy, M.P., and his retinue. Chapter XIII we have Mr. Bayham Badger, Mrs. Badger, and the former husbands of Mrs. Badger are recalled. Chapter XIV brings Mr. Turveydrop and his son, also Allan Woodcourt, the young surgeon, and we have mentioned the "old lady with a censorious countenance," and the late Mrs. Turveydrop. In Chapter XV we have Mrs. Blinder and the Neckett family; Chapter XVII Mrs. Woodcourt, mother of Allan; Chapter XIX Mr. and Mrs. Chadband; Chapter XX Young Smallweed and Jobling, alias Weevle; in Chapter XXI the Grandfather and Grandmother Smallweed, Judith Smallweed, Mr. George, trooper (Uncle George, Chapter VII), and Phil Squod of the Shooting Gallery. The great Mr. Bucket appears in Chapter XXII; Captain Hawdon is in Chapter XXVI. In Chapter XXVII we have the Bagnet family of five; in Chapter XXVIII there comes Volumnia Dedlock; Miss Wisk in Chapter XXX, and Liz in Chapter XXXI.

The end of the first half is now reached and the arrivals after that are few and unimportant. In Chapter XXXII no new character is brought on the stage, though there is talk about the noted siren, who assists at the Harmonic Meetings, and is announced as Miss M. Melvilleson, though she has been married a year and a half. In Chapter XXXIII it is mentioned that the "Sols Arms," a well-conducted tavern, is licensed to a highly respectable landlord, Mr. J. G. Bogsby. After that we have no new character till Chapter XXXVII, where

LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS. DE QUINCEY'S HOUSE

we are introduced to Mr. W. Grubble, the landlord of that very clean little tavern, "The Dedlock Arms." Vholes is introduced by Skimpole as the man who gives him something and called it commission. Mr. Vholes has the privilege of supporting an aged father in the Vale of Taunton, and has a red eruption here and there upon his face. He has three daughters—Emma, Jane, and Caroline—and cannot afford to be selfish. In Chapter XXXVIII we meet Mrs. Guppy, "an old lady in a large cap, with rather a red nose, and rather an unsteady eye, but smiling all over." Then in Chapter XL

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there are the cousins of Sir Leicester Dedlock. In Chapter XLIII Mrs. Skimpole and the Skimpole family are introduced, and in Chapter LIII Mrs. Bucket. It will be observed that some of these can scarcely be called new characters, and that not one is of any real importance, that is, so far as *Bleak House* is concerned. Dickens in the middle of his story had practically put every actor upon the stage. The story was to be developed by the characters to whom the reader had been introduced. It may be calculated that in the first half there are about one hundred and six characters of greater or less importance. In the second half there are, on the most generous computation, only sixteen, and not one of them plays a vital part in the development of the tale.

Our Mutual Friend may be dealt with more briefly. The book is remarkable for the profusion of characters in the first half. In the second chapter there are sixteen at least, including Mr. and Mrs. Veneering, Mr. and Mrs. Podsnap, Mortimer Lightfoot, Eugene Wrayburn, and John Harmon. The Wilfers come in Chapter IV; in Chapter V Silas Wegg and the Boffins, and almost every chapter adds to the company till we get to the middle. After that there is an abrupt cessation. There are not more than half a dozen new characters named in the second part, and all of them are wholly insignificant, the Deputy Lock, Gruff and Glum, the Greenwich pensioner, the Archbishop of Greenwich, a waiter, Mrs. Sprodgkin, the exacting member of the fold, and the Contractor of 500,000 power. In *Our Mutual Friend* every character of any significance has been introduced when the first half ends. The few stragglers who come later have practically no effect on the story. In *Little Dorrit* we have the old profuseness of characters; in the first half nearly one hundred and in the second half there are practically no new characters at all. Mr. Tinkler, the valet to Mr. Dorrit, and Mr. Eustace, the classical tourist, can hardly be counted. In Chapter XXI, "The History of a Self-Tormentor," we have Charlotte Dawes, the false friend, who vanished instantly and counts for nothing. Thus it may be said, taking the three long books of Dickens's greater period, that in each it was his manner to introduce no new characters of the least import in the second half of his books. But it may be worth while to glance at his practice in the shorter tales, *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Great Expectations*.

In the second half of the former book there are practically no new characters that can be traced. The epithet can hardly be applied to the President of the trial at the Conciergerie. It is now agreed that one of Dickens's most perfect books is *Great Expectations*. It is known also that Dickens complied with a suggestion of Lord Lytton's, which modified the plot—not seriously nor disagreeably. Here again in the second part we have very few fresh characters. We have the Colonel in Newgate introduced by Mr. Wemmick, but he is "sure to be assassinated on Monday." Let us not forget Miss Skiffins, a good sort of fellow, with a high regard both for Wemmick and the Aged. There is the retrospective Provis, but the characters introduced belong to the past. Finally, in Chapter XLVI, we have a pleasant glimpse of the Barley family and of Mrs. Whymple, the best of housewives and the motherly friend of Clara and Herbert. It is she who fosters and regulates with equal kindness and discretion their mutual love. "It was understood that nothing of a tender nature could possibly be confided to Old Barley by reason of his being totally unequal to the consideration of any subject more psychological than Gout, Rum, and Purser's Stores." These are all the books of which Claudius Clear made a close personal examination. He believes that the general result will be the same in all save two or three exceptional works, such as *Barnaby Rudge*, where the Gordon Riots are brought in contrary to Dickens's original intention. Whether he consciously acted on the principle that no new characters should be introduced after half the story was told Claudius Clear thinks it is impossible to say. It seems certain, however, that he acted upon it.

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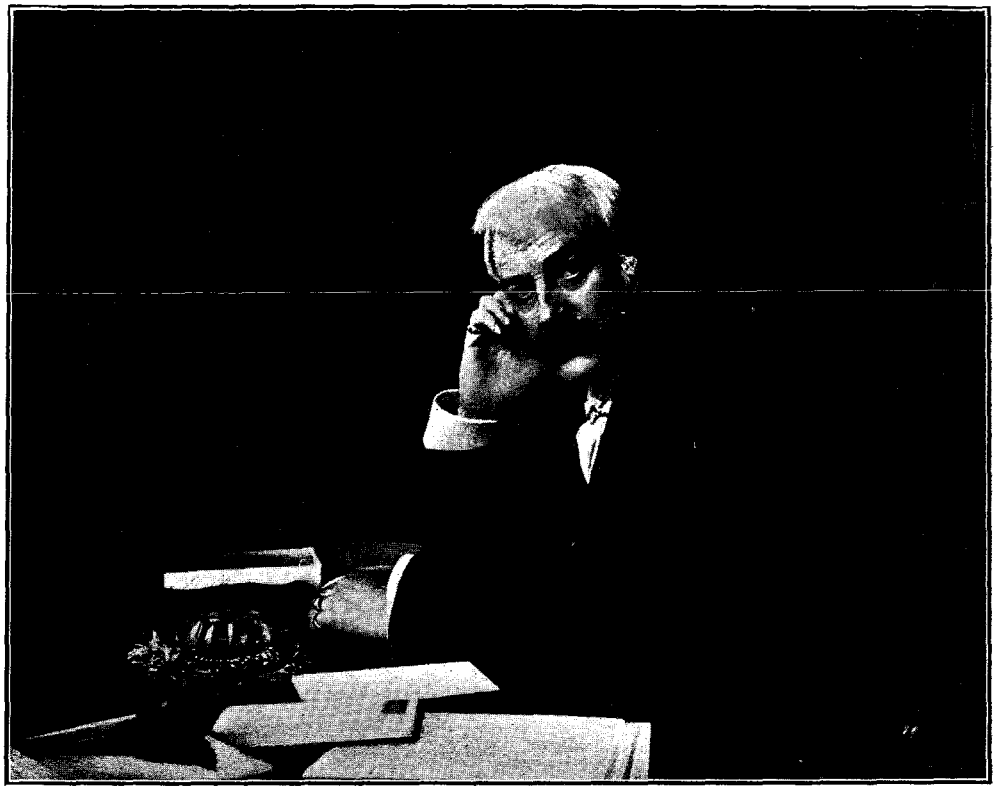

THE LATE ANDREW LANG

Andrew Lang and Bunner

"A gentleman among *canaille*," was the way in which Andrew Lang referred to Edgar Allan Poe in one of his *Letters to Dead Authors*. He was always rather proud of the characterisation and believed honestly in its truth. There is an old story to the effect that once, in a London literary club, Mr. Lang was expressing himself vigorously to the late Henry Cuyler Bunner on the subject of American letters and men of letters. Bunner was not the man to take these remarks placidly. He had developed symptoms of a rabid Anglophobic nature, and the Englishmen he met seemed to be stepping on every sensitive nerve in his system. Having a pretty caustic tongue of his own he gave quite as good as was sent. Finally Lang, surprised and ruffled by the sturdy counter-attack, asked: "Well, Bunner, are there no Englishmen whom you like?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "there are three large classes. Those born in Scotland, those born in Ireland, and those who stay permanently in Westminster Abbey."

The Real Rebecca and Her Story

Not exactly new, but always worth while retelling, is the story of Rebecca Gratz, from whom Scott drew the portrait of that Rebecca who is possibly the most enduring of all his women characters. W. S. Crockett narrates it in *The Scott Originals*, a book which has just been issued in this country by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. In one way, the origin of Rebecca is an exception to the general rule, for Sir Walter seldom went far afield for his characters. To confine oneself to *Ivanhoe*, the name Ivanhoe was suggested by an old rhyme: the tragic death of the Templar was founded on a death which took place in Scott's presence in the Edinburgh Parliament House. The name of Front-de-Bœuf was borrowed from a roll of Norman warriors occur-

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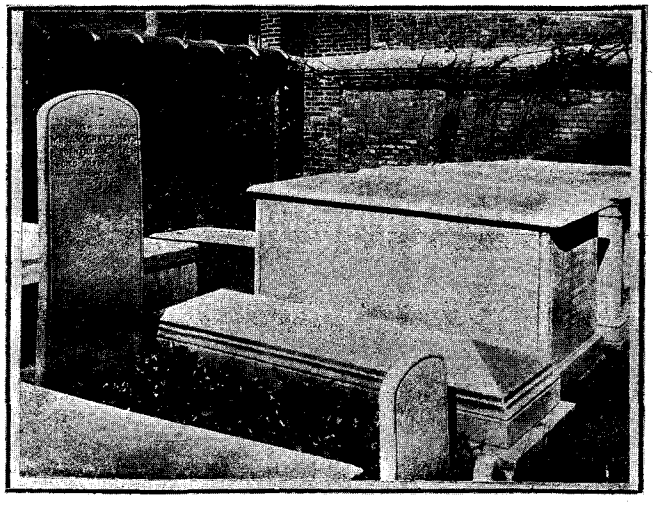
REBECCA GRATZ

ring in the Auchinleck Manuscript. But Rebecca's *alter ego* belongs to America, a land seldom mentioned in the Waverley novels, and the story of that *alter ego* was told to Scott by the first great literary ambassador of the new world to the old, Washington Irving.

Irving went to Abbotsford in the autumn of 1817, and there spent several of the most delightful days of his life, rambling about the hills and streams, and listening to old tales told as no one but Scott could tell them. Scott was then forty-six, and in the brilliancy of his early fame; Irving was thirty-four, and just rising in his literary reputation by the favourable reception of his *Salmagundi* and the Knickerbocker *History of New York*. To the speedily ripening friendship between the two is owed the character of Rebecca. During one of their many talks on personal matters Irving confided to Scott an account of the great tragedy of his life—the death of his fiancée, Matilda Hoffman, and the beautiful devotion of her friend, Rebecca Gratz of Philadelphia. Matilda Hoffman was seized with consumption, and faded away in a single winter, dying in 1809 at the age of eighteen. Irving was then twenty-six. He lived forty-four years longer, treasuring her memory, sleeping with her Bible and Prayer Book beneath his pillow. After his death there was found in his home at Sunnyside a little repository of which no one but himself knew the secret. It was opened; a memorandum told the story of his sorrow, and there lay the picture of his betrothed; a braid of her golden hair, and a slip of paper, on which he had written "Matilda Hoffman."

Matilda Hoffman's closest friend, the ministering angel at her sick bed, was Rebecca Gratz. She was the daughter of Michael Gratz, a native of Upper Silesia, who had emigrated to America when a mere youth, and engaged in the business of supplying Indian traders with merchandise. Michael Gratz grew wealthy, married Miriam Symons, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and of his eleven children Rebecca was born on March 4, 1781, and lived to complete



THE GRAVE OF REBECCA GRATZ IN THE JEWISH BURIAL GROUND IN PHILADELPHIA

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her eighty-seventh year. It was the story of her love romance and sacrifice as told by Washington Irving that captured Scott's imagination. She loved, but her religion rose up a barrier between her and every boon that the world could bestow. Loyal to the ancestral faith, she could not conscientiously marry one of a different creed. Like Irving, Rebecca Gratz lived the life of a celibate. She wedded herself to the most varied acts of philanthropy, and the rest of her career became one long chain of golden deeds. The whole spirit of the life of this noble Philadelphia Jewess is summed up in the words with which the daughter of Isaac of York bids farewell to Rowena in the last chapter of *Ivanhoe*.

Explaining an Anachronism

With very few exceptions it may be taken for granted that an author is never quite satisfied with his illustrator, or sure that the illustrator has given the proper attention to the text of the story. Dr. Cyrus Townsend is no exception to this rule. Some time ago he was shown a rare copy of the Bible illustrated with steel engravings. One engraving in particular was pointed out to him. It represented the children of Israel crossing the desert, the warriors wearing armour of the sixteenth century. "How could that have been?" was the puzzled question. "Very easy," rereplied Dr. Brady, sweetly. "As usual, the artist had not read the book."

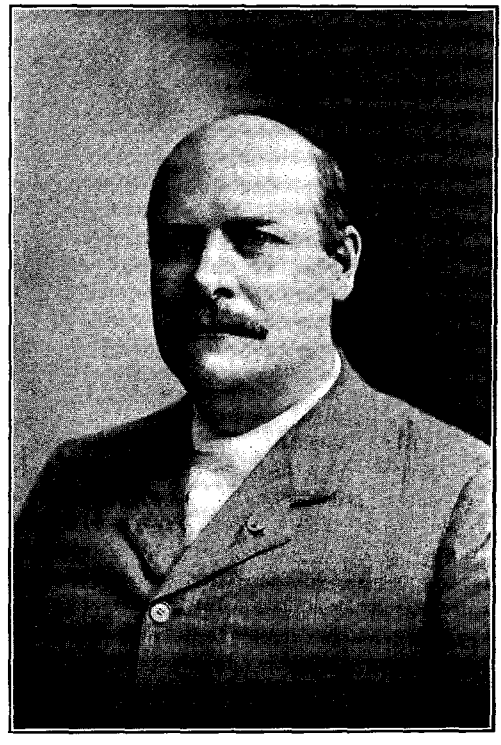
An Exchange

It is very seldom that a contributor has anything to boast of after an encounter with Mr. Robert H. Davis, of *Munsey's*, but the other day we heard of a man in Memphis who recently exchanged shots with Mr. Davis and seems to have had rather the better of the exchange. This man submitted a story to *Munsey's*, and asked for a quick decision. A glance showed the tale to be an old friend. It originally appeared in the *Overland Monthly* under the title "The Luck of Roaring Camp." So Mr. Davis wrote:

My Dear Sir: We should be very glad to use this splendid story, but unfortunately Bret Harte had it copyrighted when he first wrote it, and his publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, who now own the copyright, would object, we fear, to your receiving money for it.

Naturally Mr. Davis thought that this would effectually close the episode. But he did not know the man in Memphis. Back came the reply:

Dear Mr. Editor: I have looked that matter up and I find that the story was first wrote



DR. CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

in 1886 and the copyright has run out and you have a perfect right to pay me for it, and I hope to receive check by return mail.

This rather staggered Mr. Davis, but he tried again:

My Dear Sir: We are very glad to hear that the copyright on *The Luck of Roaring Camp* has expired. How very careless of Bret! However, I regret that it seems still impossible to pay you for this story, because I now recall that, when Bret Harte lay on his death bed, he made me promise that I would never, never buy and print a story of his that

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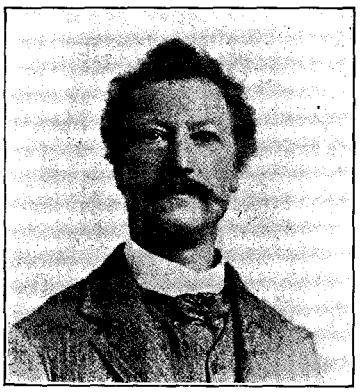


ROBERT HALIFAX

had been previously bought and paid for elsewhere. I am very, very sorry.

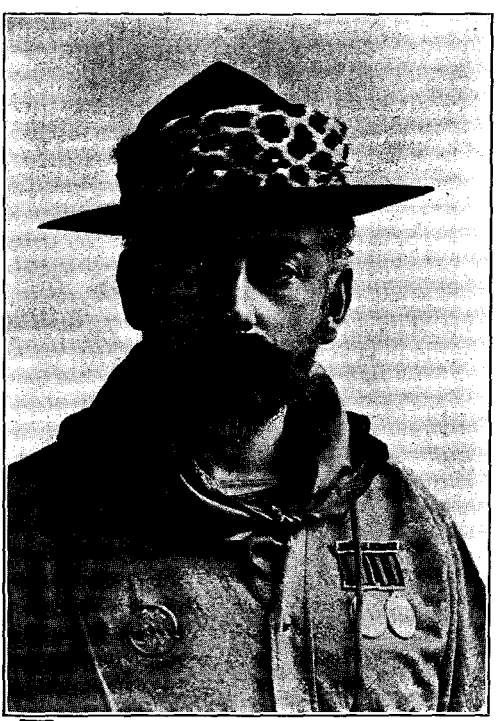
There was a brief silence and then came this on a postcard: "You ought to be sorry. For making such a promise you are a damn fool."

Robert Halifax

Two or three American publishing houses are talking of a new discovery in the person of Robert Halifax, whose *Low Society* and *The Borderland* appeared in August, and whose *The Whistling Woman* is announced for this month. Mr. Halifax is described as one of the few novelists writing of low life who is not too busy writing and talking about that sort of life to see anything of it. "I can," he recently wrote, "go safely down London streets where policemen go in pairs and where a burglar, active or potential, stands on nearly every doorstep." Within a few minutes, in a London slum, Mr. Halifax saw a woman too eager to get her gin to notice the detail that the heavy swinging door of the saloon had crushed her baby's head like an egg-shell; then saw a man sell his boots for sixpence to guarantee the fee of a cheap doctor who, without the fee, had declined to visit the bootless man's neighbour.

On the Wrong Track

Mr. Percy Mackaye has published under the title of *Yankee Fantasies* five one-act plays concerning which the newspapers have had a good deal to say. The point which had been emphasised is their "literary quality." Most reviewers of Mr. Mackaye's plays speak of their "literary quality" in an awestruck manner, and hint that the only difficulty in the way of their production is that they overshoot the sordid standards of the present American stage. We have already offered in these columns our explanation of the matter. As a playwright Mr. Percy Mackaye seems to fall betwixt two stools, being too literary for the multitude, and too self-conscious in his "culture" to please the few. Moreover, of late years he has strangely confounded his aspirations with his abilities in attempting to write humorous plays. The woman—it must have been a woman and one with a very tender heart—who encouraged his playful beginnings, has much to answer for. No man would have achieved the awful kittenishness of *Mater* for example, if he had not been over-indulged in private life, if the home circle had not spared him the usual number of home thrusts. A good wife could have done much to prevent it. A



ROGER POCOCK, THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAN IN THE OPEN"

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good wife would never have allowed Mr. Percy Mackaye to appear in public with so much as a twinkle in his eye. It is hard to define the embarrassing effects of his playfulness. A fellow-scribe has said that the impression it left on him was of a "sort of male archness." Perhaps this is near enough and it applies very well to a large part of *Yankee Fantasies,* as may be seen from the following passages in the play called "Chuck" in which Abel, the New England vagabond, leads his bride to the mound of a woodchuck who is to take the part of parson:

ABEL. Ain't he proper 'nough?

LETTY. Him? What for?

ABEL. Why, for the ceremony. He's the most expensive prophet in the county; when he jest stirs out and looks at his shadder, the market-folks tremble in their boots. But we ain't sparin' expense to-day, Letty. I've spoke our license from *him.* So now for the ceremony!

LETTY (*laughing for the first time—a happy,*

MR. AND MRS. JACK LONDON

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hysterical young laugh). Ain't you funny, Chuck!

ABEL. Ssh! Not so loud. He'll stay and jine us, if we behave. He 'preciates my comin' without no gun. Now, do as I do. (*He tiptoes forward; she follows, holding his hand.*)

LETTY. Chuck, ain't you funny!

ABEL (*with a profound bow and boy-like flourish, addresses the woodchuck*). Reverend Mr. Wood—of the renowned family of Chucks—we, male and female, of your honour's own kin and communion, bein' nat'ral born sinners (and glad of it), poachin' in your honour's parish (off and on), for some twenty seasons (more or less), and havin' published our banns (from time to time), in the presence of chipmunks, woodcocks and water-wagtails, duly assembled therefor, do now respectfully petition your experienced worship to unite us, one t'other, in the blessin's of wedlock, accordin' to the ancient rites and ceremonies of orchard communities. Yours truly—Amen.

(*Abel now turns about, and assumes a low, guttural tone.*) Do you, boy, kiss this gal because ye love her?

(*In his own voice*) I do.

(*He kisses Letty. Then speaks again, guttural*) Do you, gal, kiss this boy because ye love him? (*He nudges Letty.*)

LETTY (*shyly*). I do (*She kisses Abel. Through the orchard the church organ begins to roll.*)

ABEL (*guttural*). Will you, boy, stick to this gal so long's ye love her?

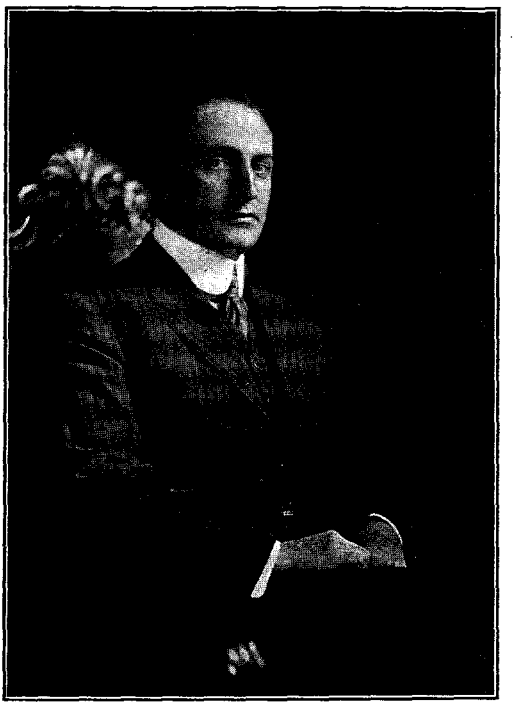
(*In his own voice*) I will.

(*He hugs Letty, then speaks again, guttural*) Will you, gal, stick to this boy so long's ye love him?

LETTY (*in a low voice*) I will. (*She draws closer to him.*)

ABEL (*guttural*). Then do I now pronounce you, man-chuck and woman-chuck, *mates!* Kiss and be kind to the little chucks—Amen!

ABEL and LETTY (*together*). Amen.



WYNDHAM MARTIN, AUTHOR OF "ALL THE WORLD TO NOTHING"

ARTHUR TRAIN, AUTHOR OF "C. Q., OR IN THE WIRELESS HOUSE"

Mr. Mackaye professes a strong belief in the future of the one-act drama, instancing, on the one hand, the growing demand for one-act plays in college and school dramatics and, on the other hand, the growing popularity of the vaudeville "sketch." Moreover they afford a good chance for "creative experiment." He urges the founding of a "Studio

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DELL H. MUNGER, AUTHOR OF "THE WIND BEFORE THE DAWN"

Theatre," which shall be devoted entirely to experiment in dramatic art.

Without such a specific working shop, fully equipped with the tools and interpreters of his art, and independent of immediate sales for his work, the scope and growth of the dramatist's art must remain limited by the conditions of speculative demand.

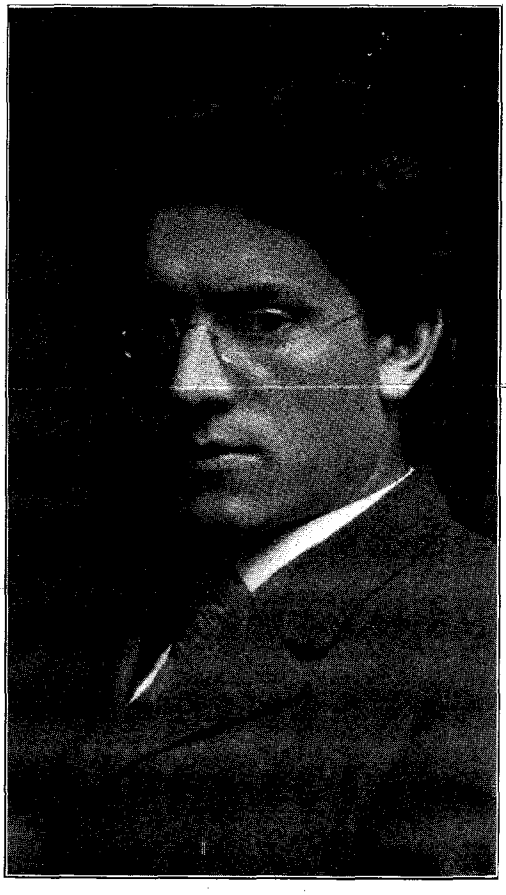
When, however, intelligent initiative shall have established such Studio Theatres, the American dramatist will be free to sketch and execute many quiet, quaint and lovely interpretations of our native environment now ignored.

He defines the five one-act plays in the present volume as "Yankee interpretations in the spirit of fantasy," and in the character of "Chuck" whom we have above quoted he tells us he has tried to "suggest through fantasy, the quaintness and surprisingness of truth." What they do suggest, however, is merely that their author is strangely unaware of his natural limitations. No Studio Theatre—nothing short of re-birth—can fashion him to airy and fantastic purposes.

Our Friend the "Lampoon"

We have had in mind for some time to call attention to the issue of the *Harvard Lampoon* of May 25th, which is designed in imitation of some of our most widely exploited magazines. Its cover, which is astonishingly familiar in its commonplaceness, carries a boast of "more than seventy million circulation weakly," and the back of the frontispiece is adorned with "A Prayer" by Old Mother Hubbard. The first article of the number is appropriately of a muckraking nature. It purports to deal with "The Truth About the Caviar Trust" and is written by Ray Under Taker. The editor's note at the beginning reads as follows:

Do you like to picnic in the woods? Are you a Sandwich Man? If so, you should read



PERCY MACKAYE

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this plain, undiluted arraignment of the Caviar Trust. Mr. Taker has given here an incomprehensible view of the situation as he sees it. It is a serious one. The bull must be grasped by the horns. This Octopus has reached forth his talons to suck the life blood from the souls of the Ultimate Consumer. It has taken the bit in its teeth, and dealt a death blow to the Common People. It has ventured into the field of Politics, and there sown its wild oats. Mr. Voter, what are you going to do about it? Read this article and find out.

Passing over the poem "Pro Bono Publico," we come to the first instalment of a serial *Billings and Stover at Jail*, by Owing Johnson, with illustrations by Frederic R. Nouga. Then there is a poem entitled "Why," an architectural article with instructive plans on "A California Bungalow of Charm and Originality," a travel paper "Through the Eustachian Canal with Gun and Camera," and then another serial *The Yearning Point*, a "Story of Love and Absolutely Nothing Else," by Robert W. Sameness, illustrated by Dunster-Dana-Drayton. *The Yearning Point* is apparently in its second or third instalment and the editor has seen fit to give us the following delicious synopsis of the early chapters:

ARTHUR DRIBBLE, THE ONLY MAN TO PROSECUTE THE CAVIAR TRUST. HE IS NOW IN JAIL

TIARA

Jim Edgeless, a fascinating and well-dressed but penniless and useless aristocrat, has fallen in love successively with Coquette, Mrs. Amiss, Sliquette, and Tiara. Tiara is deeply entranced in turn by four millionaires, who are even more useless than Jim; but all this time there is really nobody but Jim. Any girl will explain how this is done. Sliquette loves young Pivott and one or two others. Mrs. Amiss loves anybody she can get her hands on. They are all on an endless house party, and do nothing but drink too much, gamble too much, write love letters to each other, and make love too much. This has been going on a long time. Nothing particular has happened yet.

The *Lampoon* apparently believes in the potency of names, for the next feature is "Burning Beeswax," a gruesome short story of the far north from the pen of Jack Undone. Then the drama has its turn with "A Chat with Tilly Touraine," by Gallon Ale, and other regular departments follow. We learn with interest that among prize winners in the "St. Nicholas League" are Theodore Roosevelt and William Bryan. Three surprising half-tones make the department curiosities an exceedingly attractive one; while "Under the Spreading Peanut Tree" contains anecdotes of the late Dr. Edward Everett Bumdoodle, Oliver Cromwell, Senator La Roulette and Mark Twain. The last anecdote has

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all the marks of reality and verisimilitude.

Mark Twain tells an amusing anecdote about himself, which happened while travelling through the southwestern part of Nevada. A lady came across the aisle and took a seat beside him. "Are you the great Mark Twain?" she asked. He looked at her with withering scorn for several minutes and then replied, "No, madam, I am not."

She blushed furiously and attempted to hide behind a seat, little dreaming of the joke which the famous humorist had played on her.

Who Richard Dehan Is

Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde who was, or were, so frequently reminded of the disadvantages of being two persons scarce had a harder time than Miss Clotilde Graves is having. For Miss Graves, long known as an Irish dramatist, is Richard Dehan, as it is now officially announced. Following the publication of Richard Dehan's *One Braver Thing* (*The Dop Doctor*), there was much speculation as to the identity of the author. Miss Graves was suggested by several journalists who have a habit of knowing whether authors write with machines or pens and other like bits of inside information. But not till the present, with the publication of *Between Two Thieves,* which is to be issued in September, has it been officially known that Miss Graves is also Mr. Dehan. *Between Two Thieves* is described as by far the largest and deepest thing the author has ever done. A leading character is Florence Nightingale, under the name of "Ada Merling."

Now, apparently, the theory of Miss Graves-Dehan is that Graves are Graves and Dehans are Dehans, and never the twain shall meet; but some of her former publishers think otherwise. A small English publisher has been threatening to bring out *Maids in a Market Garden,* —a minor book signed with Miss Graves' own name, and published some years ago,—as a book "by Richard Dehan." Miss Graves has written to the English press sharply protesting against any such proceeding. Miss Graves, as herself, is known as a capable playwright; author of such plays as *Nitocris;* the Drury Lane Pantomime *Puss in Boots; A*

"HE PAID NO HEED. HE WAS LOOKING OUT OVER THE DELICIOUS LAWNS AT THE NAKED TREES WATCHING MISS PIVOTT, MRS. AMISS, AND SILQUETTE, WHO HAD LAID ASIDE THEIR SMOKING AND DRINKING FOR THE MOMENT TO WANDER OVER THE EXPANSIVE TURF. AND AS HE STOOD THERE, FLUSH AFTER FLUSH SWEPT HIS FACE. HE LOVED THEM ALL, BUT HE WAS PERFECTLY USELESS—AND HE KNEW IT."

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Mother of Three; A Tenement Tragedy, and others. Miss Graves's father was the late Major W. H. Graves of the Eighteenth Royal Irish Regiment; and she numbers admirals and deans among her ancestors.

A Passing Humbug

Beautiful as is the life of the average millionaire, he seldom shows to advantage when explaining to the young how they too may attain greatness. A few years ago that sort of advice constituted rather a formidable body of printed matter. Nowadays it seems, happily, to have shrunk and one seldom finds a whole book of it, though occasionally it flourishes in the magazines when rich folk "in the public eye" or people "in the forefront" tell their interviewers how by their mighty wills and hardy virtues they came to be the men they are. It looks as if our traditional books of success were passing. The book addressed to young men "on the threshhold" by some presumably successful elder, usually a compound of Polonius and Sam Slick, seems to have lost its charm. The time may come when even a country boy will no longer care to learn how John D. Rockefeller made himself. Yet only a few years ago there was apparently an eager demand for the autobiography of every goose who laid a golden egg. Some attribute this change to the prolonged assaults of the muckrakers, impairing the public confidence in millionaire homiletics. People now like to read the story of a millionaire's success told by some one other than himself. It may be less edifying but it is apt to be more piquant.

As one looks back on these success-books now they seem rather quaint than harmful. Probably they did not turn so many young men into scoundrels as might have been supposed, though if they turned them into anything it must have been into scoundrels. "Be practical, young man," these self-made writers used to say, and cut away everything in life that has no money in it. They were always drawing lessons for the young from their own early disadvantages. Start early at your job, young man, remain raw, illiterate, stone-blind, stone-deaf to everything that does not pay. Remember that great motto of success—All's well that sells well. It was the literature of the diamond shirt-stud and it gathered fast in our periodicals and in our books, especially in the goody-goody ones. Along with this frankly immoral advice, to be sure, went many pious platitudes, but they were usually of the limpest generality, freely admitting exceptions if the exceptions paid. Christian principles, said one old success-book we happen to recall, can often be used even in business, and with great moral boldness the writer added, "It may be better to deserve success than to attain it." Strive upward toward the light, young man, said another, choose the right and not the wrong. What you need, said a third in his helpful, concrete way, is individuality; grasp the handle of your being and you will get it. "Self-control is the first rung in the ladder of success." True words, but what hope in this world for the sort of young man who needed them? It is doubtful of course if young men took this advice seriously, for after all, the mind, if one has any, begins to sprout at an early age, and there are plenty of young things of twenty-one or so who are more than half-witted. Yet it did have some bad effects and few will regret that this particular body of humbug has diminished.

In the first place young men must have inferred the haphazard nature of the great rewards when they saw them falling to people who wrote in that manner; and in the second place their cocksure and flatulent old age must have shaken the faith of youth in the wisdom of years and experience. The contributions of the millionaire seemed to fall below even the modest standards of this literature, nonsense from him having the eloquence of his millions. Young men soon began to see that if they would get on in the world they had better waste no time in reading him. Lovable as the rich man always is, we did undoubtedly call him in too often to address the Sunday-school, and let him publish overmuch.

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A Campaign Vade Mecum

In a small volume on *Reconstruction and Union,* published in the *Home University Library,* Dr. Paul Leland Haworth has performed with skill the dangerous feat of making our recent political history interesting. It runs from Appomattox straight down to the fateful moment when Colonel Roosevelt replied in February, 1912, to the appeal of the "seven little governors" that he would accept the nomination for the Presidency; and though compressed within two hundred and forty-five pages the narrative seems in no wise cramped, but freely written and easy to read. Of course the suspicion arises that if a present-day American historian is easy to read he does not know his business, for ever since Bishop Stubbs remarked that "the useful part" of his work was "hard reading" and "the readable part trifling," historical writers have carefully avoided any literary entanglements. Often the only sign by which a layman can tell a genuine bit of American historical scholarship is by its outward resemblance to the style of Stubbs. According to the high standard of the modern scientific historian, historical fact should be "as colourless as a fact of physics" and the writing of history should be free from all "taint of subjectivism"—meaning, we suppose, that the duty of an historian is to imagine he is a telescope and to write as if he were dead. Dr. Haworth falls far short of this. There is in him, we fear, the "taint of subjectivism," for in treating the history of the last ten years, he seems in his sympathies mildly Progressive. But if it is not history, it is very far removed from the fuss and fidgets of current journalism, and it would be a wise measure for any one who is at all inclined to take seriously the newspaper discussion of political issues to steady himself on the eve of the presidential campaign by reading it carefully. Not that it will fully satisfy the more ardent spirits on either side. For example, this passage on the Panama Canal will hardly please a thick-and-thin Rooseveltian—

> Grave difference of opinion existed as to our course in the matter. President Roosevelt justified his action on the ground of Colombia's mercenary conduct and her inability to preserve order. He contended that Colombia had no right "to bar the transit of the world's traffic across the isthmus" and argued that "intervention was justified by the Treaty of 1846, by our national interests, and by the interests of civilisation at large." To many his arguments were not conclusive, but Colombia had behaved in so unneighbourly a fashion and the prospect of a canal was so fascinating that the great body of Americans applauded the accomplished fact and did not care to scrutinise too closely the means by which it had been brought about.

On the other hand those who talk of the insolence of the labour union and tell how Roosevelt once basely surrendered to the demands of labour agitators will not approve this account of his mediation in the coal strike of 1902—

> Popular indignation flamed high against the monopolists; some ordinarily conservative men even advocated the seizure of the mines by the Federal Government under the right of eminent domain. A widespread appeal was made to the President to take some action that would give relief. Although realising that he had no legal authority in the matter, Roosevelt summoned representatives of both parties to Washington and appealed to them to sink personal considerations for the public good. Mitchell promptly offered to submit the issues to a tribunal which the President should name. The operators haughtily refused, and denounced the President for not having stopped the strike. Public anger and disgust proved so intense, however, that the operators soon found it expedient to reconsider and accept arbitration. Work was at once resumed in the mines, the suffering for the want of coal was quickly relieved, and the arbitration tribunal brought in a decision favourable in the main to the miners. The outcome greatly enhanced the President's influence among the people, but it did not increase his popularity among the representatives of predatory capital.

Nor will the brief unimpassioned account of President Taft's attitude toward the Progressives, "for the most part followers of Roosevelt," be at all pleasing

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to those excellent but iterative citizens who never weary of saying, "The one thing for which I cannot forgive Roosevelt is the way he has treated President Taft." In short, a very useful summary, and taken in time it might arrest that intellectual putrefaction to which, as the political campaign approaches, most of the New York editorial writers are otherwise foredoomed.

VALE TERRA INCOGNITA

A Ballade of Adventure

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

Ptolemy's chart has long been spanned:
Shoulder to shoulder are East and West;
Few are the acres of No Man's Land;
The sea is a storm-cleansed palimpsest.
Venture's magical alkahest
Resolves to fact each mystic zone.
Where are the Islands of the Blest?
Where shall we seek the Great Unknown?

Earth yields her secrets to brave demand:
Since Magellan first her girdle possessed,
Rare is the desert, peak or strand
Which Daring's name does not invest.
Columbus, Drake, La Salle attest
That Mystery some time has flown
Far from her awesome western nest—
Where shall we seek the Great Unknown?

Peru still bears Pizarro's brand;
Da Gama made of the Cape a jest;
Stanley has pierced beyond the Rand;
Cook made port on Hawaii's breast.
The guarded Poles could not arrest
Peary and Amundsen; now prone
Are the last prized Grails of Interest—
Where shall we seek the Great Unknown?

Prince of Adventure, name us a quest!
Tell us your Knights of the Rolling Stone,
Slaves of your Overlord, Unrest,
Where shall we seek the Great Unknown?

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LITERARY MUNICH

BY AMELIA VON ENDE

WHEN a city becomes the centre of an intellectual interest some strong personality of national ambitions is usually the nucleus around which other forces crystallise. Bavaria had such a personality some sixty years ago in King Maximilian II. Inspired by the ideal of a modern national art, he not only encouraged architecture, sculpture and painting, but summoned to Munich some of Germany's most prominent writers. An interesting group they were: Paul Heyse, poet and novelist; Emanuel Geibel, the mastersinger of innocuous sentiment in insinuating word music; Friedrich Bodenstedt, who gave the Germans a taste of Omar and Bidpai, Hermann Lingg, the last in whom the tradition of the great epic survived; Franz Dingelstedt, clever opportunist, drifting from court to court; Adolf Friedrich, Count von Schack, poet and art lover, to whom Munich owes its best collection of modern paintings, and others.

The group bore the stamp of an aristocracy of letters, and with the exception of some novels of Heyse, and lyrics by Geibel, its work did not penetrate the people's consciousness. They are all dead now, except the octogenarian Heyse, recently the subject of friendly and unfriendly comment as the recipient of the Nobel prize. He still on Saturday afternoons receives in his home in the Luisenstrasse. There, at the tea-table, presided over by his handsome matronly wife, the writer met him, somewhat fatigued from the celebration of his birthday, which had brought him letters and guests from far and near. He chatted pleasantly about those friends, among them Paul Lindau, the literary gamin of his generation, Ludwig Ganghofer, and

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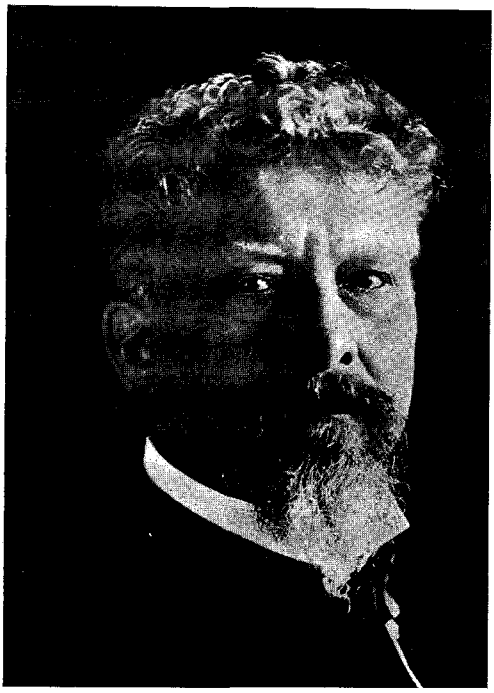
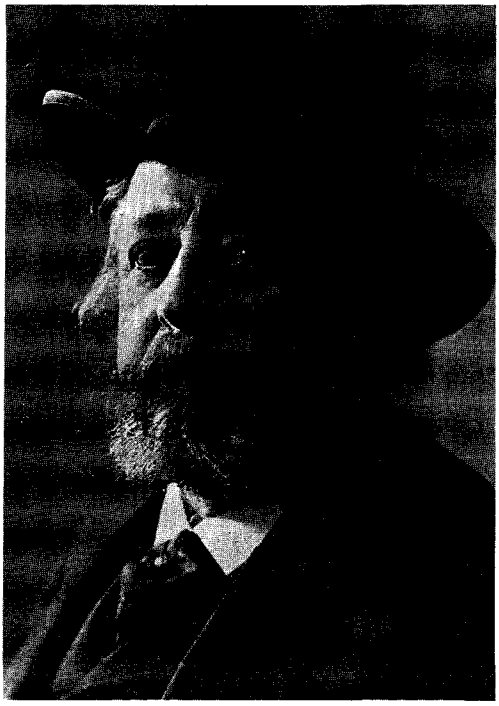


M. G. CONRAD

others. Some phases of the modern literary development were touched upon: the theatrical experiments of Reinhardt, the pseudo-classicism of Hofmannsthal, the decline of the poetic drama, as the actors neglect the art of poetic diction. There was a delightful simplicity and dignity in his manner. The writer had once been under the spell of "Kinder der Welt" and "Im Paradiese," in which he struck a note new at the time, and understood the charm his personality must have exerted in the period of his prime. But there was the feeling also that a different epoch and a different environment would not appreciate it.

For the aloofness of Heyse and his colleagues from the great mass of humanity struggling about them, determined the narrow confines of their influence. The new wave of thought that swept over Germany thirty years ago brought with it a democratic ideal. The young generation discovered the æsthetic possibilities of the "common people" and clamoured for a vitalisation of art through close contact with the realities of life. In 1886 Michael Georg Conrad founded in Munich the first periodical seceding from the old traditions: *Die Gesellschaft.* Young independents who had heard the voice of Nietzsche and had read Zola, flocked about him and set out to revise the Mosaic decalogue and the Aristotelian æsthetics. Conrad was the battering-ram in the fight against a literature skimming only the surface of polite society and ringing with a pathos based upon ready-made rhetoric.

The fight was won and is now a matter of history. Many of Conrad's fellow-champions have since succumbed to the stress and the pace of the new life, among them Hermann Conrad, whose *Songs of a Sinner* were the most passionate and sincere expression of the disastrous conflicts of the period; Ludwig Jacobowski, Conrad's successor on the *Gesellschaft;* Heinrich Hart, who did not live to complete his colossal epic, *Lied der Menschheit,* and more recently Otto Julius Bierbaum, whose Rabelaisian humour and naked insolence were relieved by a touch of Anacreontic grace. But Conrad survived them and when he comes from his home on the outskirts to some public gathering in Munich his



PAUL HEYSE

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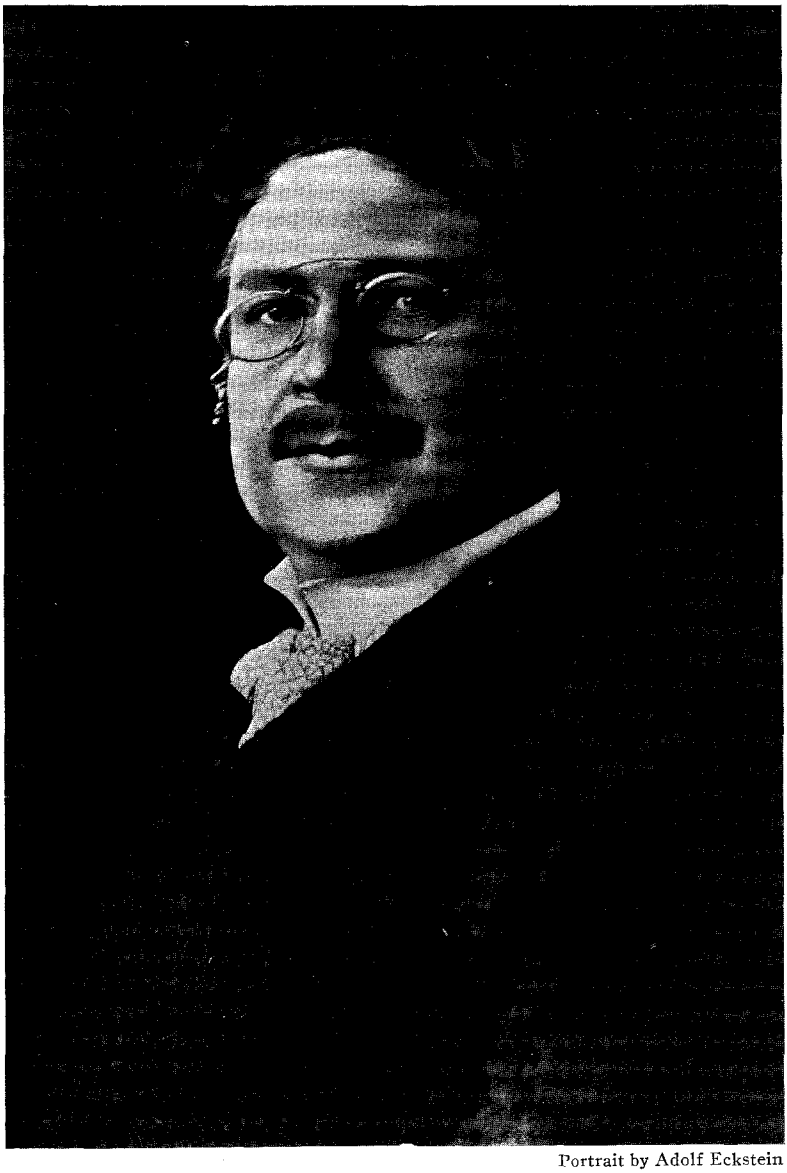
robust figure with the strong head still dominates his environment. No one can see him in his velvet coat and soft slouch hat at a lecture by Berhaeren in the "Neue Verein," without recognising a personality towering far above that conventionally elegant audience which was hardly ready to appreciate the Belgian's message: "La Culture de l'Enthousiasme." For the attitude of Germany's intellectuals is either *nil admirari* or mutual admiration within national and racial boundary lines. Yet what could the new generation thirty years ago have accomplished without the enthusiasm of men like Michael Georg Conrad and Karl Henckell?

For Henckell, too, was in that audience, he who coined for those modernists the term "Gründeutschland"—most appropriate since they were mostly men barely out of the university. As the au-



Portrait by Adolf Eckstein

KARL HENCKELL

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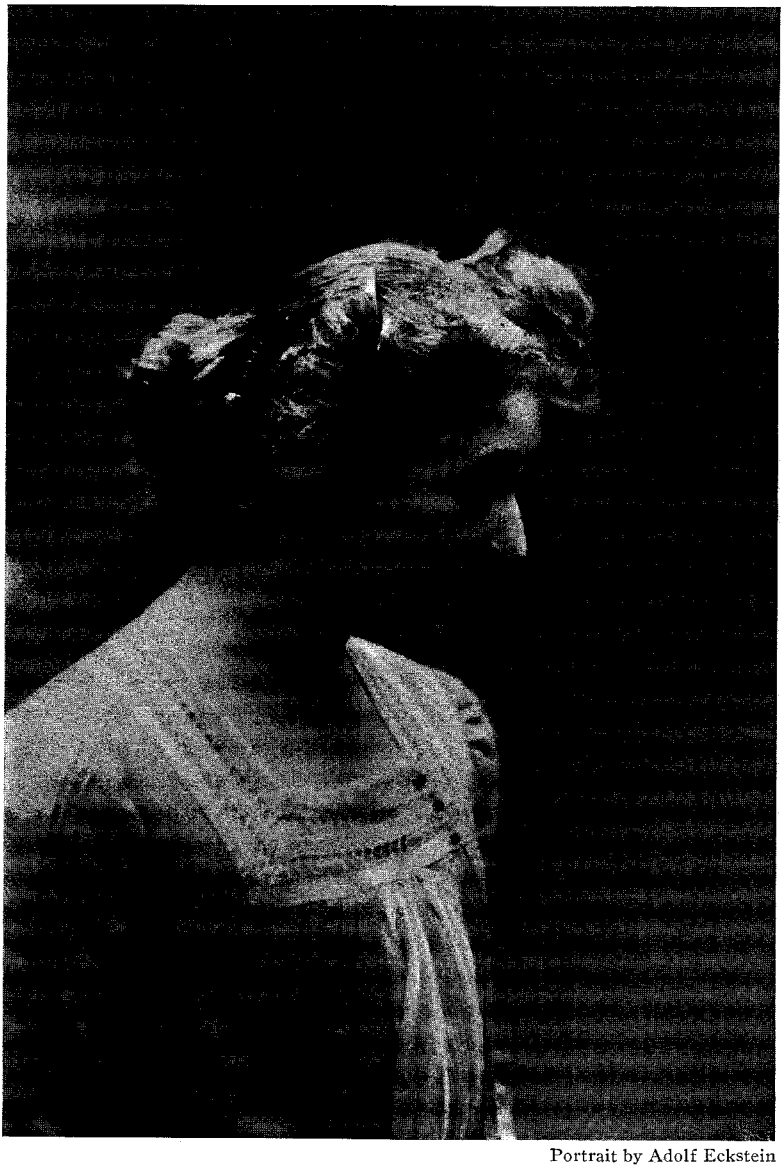
thor of one of the prefaces to their first collective lyrical utterance, *Moderne Dichter-Charaktere,* he was as closely identified with the movement as any of them. But Henckell is essentially an eclectic appreciator and never allowed himself to be dogmatically guided by their programme. At the head of a publishing business of brief duration but ideal policies, he brought out admirably comprehensive collections of the world's poetry, *Sonnenblumen* and *Buch der Freiheit,* in which he introduced to German readers Ada Negri and other foreign poets mostly through translations of his own. He has never courted more remunerative literary work and has remained true to his calling and his ideals. Not a native, though a thoroughly naturalised citizen of Munich, he forms an independent link between extreme factions and keeps aloof from petty personal



Portrait by Adolf Eckstein

ERNST ROSMER

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squabbles and professional jealousies that have taken the place of the greater issues of the past. A little portly of figure and bearing, Henckell has an air of perennial youthfulness and a touch of refined sybaritism. His latest books of verse, *Im Weitergehen* and *Ein Lebenslied*, reflect his well-poised personality and a temperament susceptible to subtleties of mood and manner.

Like Henckell, the woman most intimately affiliated with "Gründeutschland," Frau Anna Croissant-Rust, is not a native of Munich, but has lived there for many years. Heartily approving of the movement, she was an early contributor to its periodicals. One of the first in whom the social conscience was awakened to an understanding of the vital problems that daily confront the "common people," she applied the naturalistic principle in her stories of Bavarian peasants and Munich factory workers. She outgrew its extreme manifestations, for she has true artistic feeling, poetic sentiment and an exquisite sense of humour. But her personal relations with the new school are as close as ever. The writer

MARIA JANITSHEK

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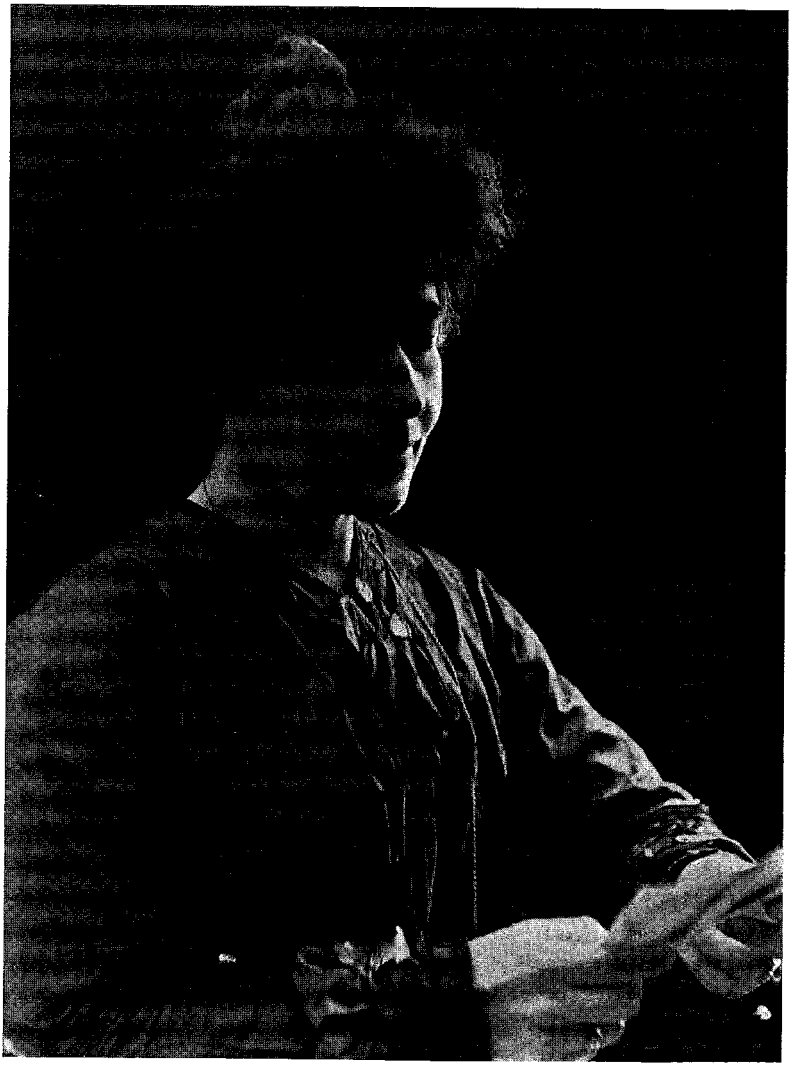
found her in her delightfully quiet rural home in Pasing, opposite the house once occupied by Bierbaum and his Italian wife. Her well-shaped head with the finely chiselled features was familiar to me through the portrait by Kreidolf, one of Munich's most interesting artists. But neither brush nor camera can convey the expression of her eyes. They are the eyes of one who has seen the suffering of mankind and from her wide experience has gleaned profound understanding and sympathy. She had just been reading that monumental novel by Grete Meisel-Hess, *Die Intellektuellen,* and before long we plunged into a discussion of the relative merits of Ellen Key, the Swedish, and Frau Meisel-Hess, the German champion of sexual reform through maternity protection, whom she considers by far the more logical and lucid thinker of the two. For it is impossible in the intellectual circles of Germany today not to touch a topic that barely looms upon the horizon of the Anglo-Saxon world, but is the subject of scientific investigation and economic interest in the empire which needs a large population for its colonial and military schemes and sees its birthrate at a stand-



RICARDA HUCH

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still. Moreover, the problem of love and marriage had entered largely into the private life of members of the group who attempted to live their vague theories of reform, and the hostess gave glimpses of the sordid tragedies which the unwritten history of that generation holds. But she has also a rich store of amusing reminiscences of the tumultuous period when even harmless meetings of the literary secession were not safe from interference by the police.

For however strongly the individualistic trend of German thought tends toward segregation, the Germans love to congregate and organise for various purposes, from the Turnverein and Männerchor, dear to the German in America, to the innumerable societies with a varying intellectual programme which prove what the Germans themselves call their "Vereinsmeierei." Munich has had and still has a fair share of them. Josef Ruederer, Munich-born and bred, whose racy, trenchant pen traces the portrait of his city in a most illuminating little book, gives vivid pictures of these features of its literary life. From the time when Heinrich Ritter von Reder, colonel in the Bavarian army and singer of stirring lyrics was tippling with Geibel in the "Krokodil," a number of places where people meet over a glass of beer or a bottle of wine have become famous as the haunts of Munich poets. There were the "modern evenings" in the "Isarlust," the "Nebenregierung" in a resort of the Adalbertstrasse, the "Elf Scharfrichter" in the Türkenstrasse, the "Boul' Mich'" of Munich's Latin Quarter, and others. But what is more plastic and subject to change than Bohemia? Even since the publication of Ruederer's book in 1907 its physiognomy has changed. The "Simplizissimus" in the Türkenstrasse is still toward midnight the rendezvous of writers and artists, especially of Roda-Roda and others of the staff of the weekly of the same name, but there is less genuine, whole-hearted abandon to the spirit of play, which made the gatherings of Munich's intellectuals so delightful in former times even to the stranger and mere onlooker. The famous Café Stephanie in the Ludwigstrasse presents as great a variety of racial and professional types as one can meet under one roof, but it is more a centre of poseurs than of producers. The Neue Verein has pretty nearly succeeded in gathering into its fold the numerous groups, but its meetings are rarely of an unceremonious social character and their apparently placid surface is sometimes disturbed by nagging and squabbling, the besetting national vices.

Perhaps Josef Ruederer is one of the victims of the spirit of petty intrigue rampant in the literary world of Munich —as other places. Although his art is deeply rooted in the native soil and comes under the head of the now so

Portrait by Louis Held
HELENE BÖHLAU

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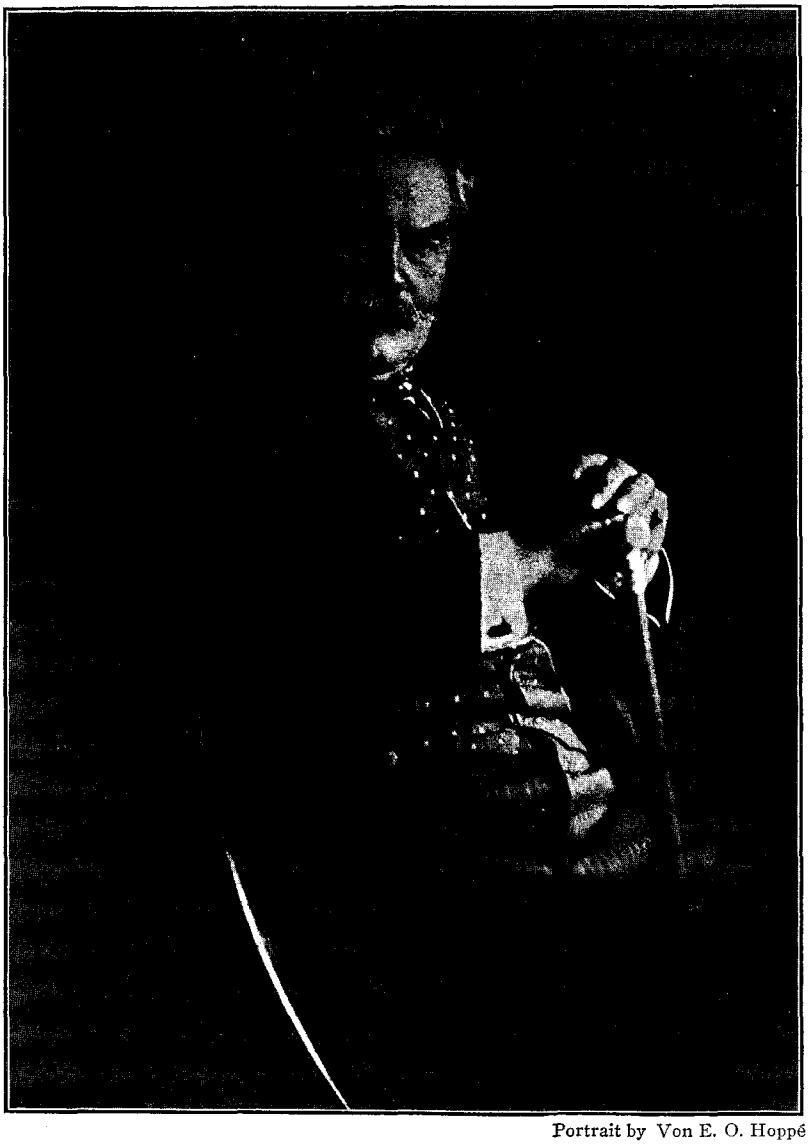
popular "Heimatskunst," his stories and his plays are not as popular as they deserve to be. His "Schmied von Kochel," based upon an episode in the city's history, had only a brief run and an earlier work, *Fahnenweihe,* which was to be played last season, was withdrawn after dress rehearsal when a dispute caused "illness" of a leading man. Perhaps Ruederer knows his Munich too well and the mordant satire and grim pathos of his book are only too well justified.

Other dramatists of the new school were more successful. Ernst Rosmer, whose name the writer first met in the *Neue Musenalmanach* edited by Bierbaum in the nineties, had written some problem plays before the poetic drama *Königskinder* established her position in German letters and the opera by Humperdinck made her the most widely known of women dramatists. She is of Austrian descent but a child of Munich. Her father was Heinrich Porges, the ar-



Portrait by Von E. O. Hoppé

GEORG HIRTH

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dent champion of Wagner, and her husband is Dr. Max Bernstein, a prominent lawyer and himself a playwright. In her attractive apartment in the Briennerstrasse, the writer had an interesting talk with her, and the literary personality became a human reality. It was the author of *Dämmerung,* that intensely gripping and intimately subtle drama of father, daughter and the "other woman," who said:

> It is the indefinite and inexpressible that has the greatest influence upon us, even as in education what merely dawns upon our subconsciousness and cannot be said is of utmost importance.

Her interest in music has doubled since her daughter has decided to make it her profession and promises to become an excellent violinist, and speaking of women composers she had known, she remarked:

> They all lack something—perhaps counterpoint. But they are only the humus preparing the soil for those to follow.

Frau Bernstein is a tall, well-built blonde with a rather pale, sensitive face, dresses with exquisite taste, and made a charming picture at the tea-table, at which were assembled Countess Baudissin, a gifted novelist, Baroness Gumppenberg, wife of the brilliant satirist Hanns von Gumppenberg, Fräulein Studeny, an Austrian violinist, and Mrs. Galston, the handsome Russian wife of the English pianist, who is to tour America this season, herself an excellent musician. Frau Bernstein is a bright talker and a sympathetic listener, and understands the art of making others talk. This gift no less than her varied interests have made her home a centre of intellectual life in Munich.

If the home of Ernst Rosmer, the dramatist, has a touch of worldliness about it, that of Helene Böhlau, the novelist, has an atmosphere of world-remoteness. Far out in Schwabing near the Englische Garten lives that remarkable woman, whose quaint humour has endeared her to the readers of her stories of old Weimar, and whose spiritual insight has given her problem novels a haunting vitality few works of fiction possess. Matronly in figure, simple in dress, natural and genuine in manner, her appearance agreed perfectly with preconceived notions of that broad-minded, whole-souled woman. She has told the singular romance of her life in her last book, *Isebies,* how she, the daughter of a family since the days of Goethe prominent in the intellectual life of Weimar, left home and parents when a mere girl to follow the man of her choice to Turkey, where he, unable to obtain a divorce from his Catholic wife, was naturalised, and as Omar al Raschid Bey became her husband. A scholar deeply versed in Eastern thought, he devoted himself to a philosophy of life based upon old Sanscrit wisdom and when he had finished his work, died. The book has just appeared under the title *Das hohe Ziel der Erkenntniss* and is considered a valuable contribution to a monastic reading of life.

Frau Böhlau's wide human sympathy soon gave our conversation a spontaneity and intimacy usually reached only after some acquaintance. Even before she knew my international antecedents and cosmopolitan leanings she remarked:

> "It should be an ideal position to stand outside of all boundary lines and feel cosmopolitan."

She has a country home and would live there all the year around but for the education of her son is putting off that move; and when she was told that not a few professional men and women of America are haunted by the *Three Acres and Liberty* ideal, she said thoughtfully: "Yes, even the international cosmopolitan, apparently at home everywhere, is fundamentally a home-creature."

The startling similarity of certain strata of society all over the world was discussed, and she remarked that differentiation really begins with those who live outside of the narrow confines of Philistia. The subject of the drama turned up and called forth remarks which sound like rank heresies in our stage-struck days; Frau Böhlau calls the actor's art the crudest of all, make-up, costume, pose, everything about it being still in a barbarous stage.

Ricarda Huch, whose historical and critical studies of German romanticism

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and the Italian Risorgimento have given her a reputation as a scholar, while her fiction and her poetry have won a small circle of warm admirers, lives with her daughter in a "Gartenhaus" in the Kaulbachstrasse of literary tradition, just back of the university. It is so far removed from the street that its atmosphere reflects her own aloofness from the commonplace traffic of the week-day world. Her personality, too, suggests the elusive qualities of her stories: intellectual distinction and poetic grace. If one did not know that she was twice married and twice disappointed in her choice—Munich being small and even the stranger promptly initiated into the private history of its celebrities—one would not credit her with a deep emotional life. For her North-German temperament holds her in leash and has given her a reserve which forms something like an armour about her real self. It is her poetry, concentrated in essence, condensed in form, yet revealing hidden sources of emotional and imaginative fervour, that most directly mirrors her character, unless one chooses to trace it in her heroines, like herself patricians by birth and breeding, but poets at heart.

Few women writers of Germany equal Isolde Kurz in a liberal reading of life, mature judgment and refined taste. She keeps aloof from the contemporary current of German life. She regrets the change that has come over her country since the Franco-German war. She said that the delirium of military glory and material power have bred conceit and dimmed the critical judgment. Talent is abundant in the young generation, but it is undisciplined. The organs of creative production are there, the tools—but the result is hopeless floundering. People are too willing to discard old cultural values for political victories. Yet there was no touch of pessimism in these melancholy reflections. The author of the *Florentinische Novellen,* masterpieces of fiction, and of the narrative poem *Die Kinder der Lilith,* impressed one as a thoroughly modern woman of a philosophical turn of mind, humanitarian sympathies and an uncompromising character.

No personality identified with modern German drama has been more widely discussed than the actor-author Frank Wedekind. With *Frühlings Erwachen —Spring's Awakening*—the tragedy of puberty which has been badly translated into English and is to be played in New York this season, began the long line of his works, showing such tendency toward exaggeration of matter and manner, that it was difficult to fathom his ethical point of view or his æsthetical motives. At times he seems a Teutonised G. B. S., at others a cynical Mephistopheles, and at all times a poseur. After the meeting in the "Rathskeller," arranged by Henckell, who has little in common with him and yet is his close friend, the writer revised her notions of the man and even her opinions of his work. For his manner was serious, entirely unaffected and of a spontaneous frankness which sometimes seemed almost naïve. He plies one with questions which show an open and alert mind, and whatever he says bears the stamp of sincerity. An ardent believer in the "cultural mission" of the Germans, he ascribes to their influence whatever America has achieved, especially in literature. Under the impression that the Germans outnumber all other foreign elements in the United States, he was amazed when he heard of the enormous proportion of Jews and Italians. He admitted that the antagonism between Germany and America, artificially bred by a part of the German press, is due to Germany's unwillingness to recognise in America a rival, just as it resents recognising merits in a Frenchman, because France is the arch enemy. That Verhaeren and Maeterlinck have a certain measure of success in Germany he attributes to their Flemish origin. But he did not fail to add: "After all, what is there in the works of either that has not been said before by German poets?"

All this was said quietly and simply, with no attempt at smartness or at cudgelling by argument. The greatest surprise came when his wife, who appears with him in his plays, turned the conversation to woman suffrage. Judging from the characters he gives his heroines one expected him to be a rabid anti-feminist, and yet he listened with defer-

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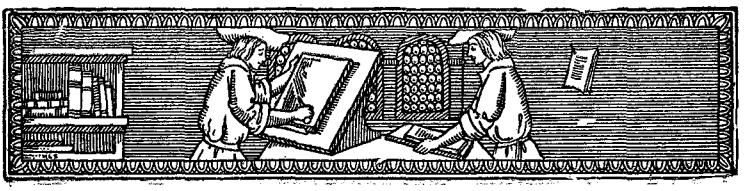
ence, even when Frau Erika said woman suffrage would eventually come and bring great changes, not the least among them the curbing of man's craze for military conquest.

Many more men and women of national repute make Munich their residence. At the home of Karl Henckell and his wife in Bodenhausen the writer met Norbert Jacques and his bride. Jacques has only two or three books to his credit, but is considered among the most promising of late arrivals. He is now on a voyage around the world and is likely to write a fascinating book of travel, for he is an individual observer and has an admirably plastic style. Schwabing, the Latin Quarter beyond the Academy, is the home of Friedrich Freksa, the author of *Sumurûm,* and the husband of Margarete Beutler, who some years ago in a volume of verse gave eloquent utterance to the message of Ellen Key and Grete Meisel-Hess. Tutzing is now the home of Maria Janitschek, whose poetry, full of a strange symbolism and rich colour, struck a new note, and whose early stories of lives engaged in the struggle of the soul against the bondage of the senses still occupy a place by themselves. Lily Braun, too, is a resident of Munich: once identified with Ethical Culture, then Socialist propaganda, she now writes memoirs of documentary value. There is also Max Halbe, the dramatist, whose *Youth* and *Mother Earth* have been announced for American production. There is Alexander von Gleichen Russwurm, a descendant of Schiller and student of social customs and manners. There is Hanns von Gumppenberg, dramatist and satirist, who has written the most clever parodies upon contemporary German verse and is editing a black-and-white magazine, *Licht und Schatten.* There is Ludwig Thoma, the portraitist of the Bavarian peasant and the Munich bourgeois. And there is Dr. Georg Hirth, brother of Columbia's professor of Chinese, the founder of *Jugend,* a magazine which revolutionised the art of illustration in Germany and influenced even American cartoonists. Dr. Hirth himself is an embodiment of youth and a strong personality. He entertains lavishly and on his birthday—the seventieth I think—presented every contributor with his photograph and autograph.

Lastly there is the phalanx of redoubtable pens which Albert Langen, the publisher and son-in-law of Björnsen attached to the staff of his periodical of protest, *Simplizissimus.* Its fearless denunciation of political, moral and other conventional lies of the government and of society, its audacious heresies in every domain of thought, made it the mouthpiece of a radical opposition. Confiscation of the paper and incarceration of the editors were frequent in the earlier years of its existence. But it could not be "squelched." Its cartoonists still furnish a commentary of contemporary history in daring caricatures. Its writers represent the same spirit. When Gustav Meyrink, whose symbolical, whimsical, unique sketches were first published by Langen, says, that he wishes to own a letter-box that can be "flushed," he drastically characterises the work of Thoma, Roda-Roda, Dr. Owlglass and his own. For their robust humour and acrid satire act like a strong disinfectant, offensive and perhaps corrosive, but radically cleansing. The brain "flushed" by their writings can harbour no mold or dust, cobwebs or microbes.

It is a far cry from these outposts of present-day radicalism to the well-poised, pacific survivor of a conservative past. But "in our Lord's zoo" (which is the title of a clever book by Anna Croissant-Rust), there is surely room enough for the Hevses as well as the Mevrinks.



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FROM THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

I

An extract from a personal letter bearing an Indianapolis postmark

Every month Riley frets and stews because he can't get his BOOKMAN on time.

Now this is a bouquet which we think very worth while printing. The memory of it should cheer and stimulate through the pleasant autumn days "when the frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is in the shock."

II

Couched in a somewhat less enthusiastic tone is the letter from Rahway, New Jersey, on the familiar stationery of Miss Carolyn Wells. Last month we printed a good natured little paragraph to the effect that an anecdote that was being used by the publisher of Miss Wells's latest book—latest at the exact moment of writing—was not exactly new. Miss Wells writes:

Do you suppose for a minute that I am responsible for that old story's continued cropping up? Do you suppose I like to pay my clipping bureau five cents every two or three days for a copy of that fool yarn in the Jay Corner's Battle Cry of Freedom? And don't you suppose that I hold Dodd, Mead and Company solely responsible for its ubiquity. For they are the only ones who ever received my MSS. that way, and they started it! So there now! Now then, to get even. I've contracted to write a serious, wise, sapient and exhaustive treatise of instruction as to how to write a detective story. This is no foolery, but the real thing, and will be published with due gravity. I am studying all the pertinent lore I can find, but of your courtesy, won't you tell me of any book or article you may know of that would interest me. Also, do you know of any worth-while detective authors in French or German (or other tongue) who have never been translated? Also, is *The Woman in White* a detective story? And have you a complete index of THE BOOKMAN that would show any helpful articles on this subject that may, can, or must have appeared in its often erudite pages?

First we offer the *amende honourable*, and then proceed to a consideration of the questions which Miss Wells asks. We fear that we can give Miss Wells no practical assistance whatever in the matter of good detective stories of continental origin that have not yet been translated. Judging from the bulk of translations of recent years we should say that any European author who escapes must be superlatively bad. In our opinion Wilkie Collins's *The Woman in White* is most emphatically not a detective story. By a stretch of the imagination *The Moonstone* might be called one. In reply to the last question we beg to call Miss Wells's attention to an article entitled "The Detective in Fiction," which appeared in THE BOOKMAN for May, 1902.

III

The following letter comes from Buffalo, New York:

You had one keen reader in Buffalo of your article "H. C. Bunner and His Circle" in the June BOOKMAN. Bunner is an especial passion of mine. His short story, "The Third Figure of the Cotillion" is a positive gem, and Bunner seems to me to have been ten years ahead of his time in the short story art.

In his *Made in France* he speaks of the dearth of good translations of Maupassant. He mentions one Sturgis as the best at that time. Would it be too much trouble for you to send me the name or names of translators of the Frenchman whom you regard as the best. I hope some time to buy all of Maupassant, and do not want to get hold of such a book, for instance, as I struck about a year ago, purporting to be a translation of Daudet's *Tartarin of Tarascon*. It was positively incoherent.

If there has been any discussion of the matter of translators of the Frenchman in the past, will you kindly refer me to it if conveniently possible.

In one way or another we have heard a great deal from that article about "H. C. Bunner and His Circle." The article was planned because we felt that Bunner had never had his full meed of appreciation, and because we believed that there existed a very discriminating though perhaps a small audience that would be keenly interested in the paper. Since publishing it, however, we have come to the conclusion that the audience

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is a much larger one than we had supposed. Guy de Maupassant has not yet had a Jeremiah Curtin, a Frank Vizetelly or a Catherine Prescott Wormeley—in other words, a translator of distinct personality—to present his books to the English reading world. As a matter of fact it was only a few years ago that the first attempt was made to present a complete edition of De Maupassant in English. Before that there were, of course, Bunner's highly sympathetic adaptations and various translations of such well known tales as "The Necklace." There are now one or two editions of De Maupassant in English that are not positively bad, but on the other hand they are nothing astonishing. In March and April, 1911, THE BOOKMAN published papers on "The Best Translations," by Mr. Calvin Winter. In the second of these papers our Buffalo correspondent will find something about translations of the modern Frenchmen including Guy de Maupassant.

IV

From the United States Navy Pay Office at Manila, Mr. David Potter, the author of *The Eleventh Hour,* writes to take up the cudgels in behalf of certain neglected fellow-novelists.

I cannot tamely submit to the silences of your "Invasion of Africa," in the September BOOKMAN. That number has only just come under my eye, and thus a certain invidious suppression has only now become known to me.

Sir, why forbid to Dr. Mayo and his *Kaloolah* that section of the map north of Mr. Harold Bindloss and east of Captain Marryatt—inclining whither the Mountains of the Moon once loomed portentous in our "jogerfy" books? Surely, pre-emption dating not merely from the last generation, but from the one before that, gives Mayo some right to "prove up" his claim!

Kaloolah? Why, sir! without that charming daughter of the Framazug and her redoubtable "Jon'than" Romer, the stories of Rider Haggard—those inimitable "extravagances" you refer to—would never have been possible. If you don't think so, re-read *Kaloolah* and see for yourself.

Alas! I'm used to having the idylls of my youth not only shattered, but forgotten. Where is "Frank Forester" and where "Frank Fairleight"? And where are the Melvilles—American Herbert of the South Sea Isles, and British G. Whyte of Melton-Mowbray and the Midlands? These may disappear, if they must, but when it comes to African orientation, I cannot consent to allow William Starbuck Mayo to be "wiped off the map"!

From Chicago comes another attempt to reopen a once more or less celebrated case. We do not in the least question the sincerity of Mr. Samuel Eberly Gross and his supporters, but from the proofs submitted to us we certainly have seen no evidence of that rare talent which created *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *L'Aigon* as they were presented to the world.

About two years have passed since previous correspondence concerning the status of Edmund Rostand in the literary world. Your publication still salutes him as a true poet, and an ornament of literature.

He is, in fact, a perhaps insane philogist, playwright, symbolist and an out-and-out plagiarist.

I possess adequate proofs of his plagiarism. His "Cyrano," "L'Aiglon" and "Chantecler" teem with the literary and dramatic expressions of Samuel Eberly Gross.

Two years ago you examined the showing made by an attorney of Mr. Gross. (This attorney never knew any French.) You courteously declined to examine proofs which I offered to send. You exculpated Rostand—as all the American *literati* have done. It still remains, I believe, that all these expose their lack of true knowledge of the case.

Should you, at any time, yourself desire to *know* that Rostand is a literary pirate, pure and simple, I shall be able and willing to place sufficient proofs under your observation.

1. I have an extended critique of Rostand.

2. An article accompanied by 100 parallels—of words, characters, situations.

3. A quadruple showing of 65 examples extending through the three French plays.

I studied the case three years. It may remain, outside of Shakespeare, the *cause célèbre* in literature.

VI

The following came some time ago from a writer whose address is 40 Avenue Charles Floquet, Paris, France:

Having assimilated the article entitled "'Twice-Told Tales' of the Magazines" in the January number of THE BOOKMAN, I have

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induced myself to tell for the first time an anecdote which shows clearly, to me, at least, that there are two sides to the story-robbing fence. This letter is not written with any vaporous hope of seeing it in print; it is written to ask whether you or the author of your article are aware that cases like that which I am about to relate spring up in the writing world as a sort of counter-poison to the cases given in your article.

When I was at the ambitious but green age of sixteen I conceived the idea that I could write stories. I was imaginative; plots flocked through my head which I ached to put upon paper and publish. My short-story technique was just about what might be expected of your average schoolboy of sixteen; however, as my ignorance of technique was accompanied by an equal ignorance of the fact that technique was necessary, I put my plots upon paper and had them typewritten. The one which, in my opinion, was the best, I sent to one of the greatest "popular story" magazines in New York—and awaited results.

Now the plot of this story was original, fantastic, highly imaginative—a plot of value, as I now realise. Its presentation on paper was formless—something in the nature of a detailed story-synopsis. Two weeks passed, and it was returned (quite naturally) with the usual rejection slip. Three or four months passed. One day I chanced to buy the latest copy of that magazine. Lo! an alluring title, a garniture of introductory dialogue and colouring with crime and cross-purposes, and then my story—not word for word, please understand, but my plot—detail for detail! And that magazine was (and is) one of the great magazines admitted to the most select company on the newsstands.

Like the writer of your January article, I am inclined to look askance at coincidence in these cases. I am far more inclined to look squarely in the face the fact that there are, even in the editorial rooms of the reputable magazines, readers who also write—*and revise*.

No proof of the foregoing statements exist, or ever has existed, except my undated manuscript, and the number of the magazine in which the published story appeared. The manuscript was never, before or after, submitted to another magazine; and the only other person who had seen it was the uneducated girl who typewrited it in my presence.

Will you admit that there are two sides to the story-robbing fence?

VII

In his article on "Kentucky and Tennessee" in "The South in Fiction" series Mr. Isaac F. Marcossen made the curious mistake of alluding to James Lane Allen's King Solomon of Kentucky as "this black hero." That was a good many months ago, and yet hardly a week passes in which the mail bag does not contain a letter calling attention to the error, a tribute to the enduring qualities of Mr. Allen's little story. Some of the correspondents have been older residents of Lexington and recalled King Solomon himself and his house on South Limestone Street. Here is one of these letters in part.

King Solomon was not a negro. In the dramatic story which has preserved the fame of King Solomon and written his name high on the roll of heroes is this description of the vagrant who was sold as a slave: "He was apparently in the very prime of life—a striking figure, for nature at least had truly done some royal work on him. Over six feet in height, erect, with limbs well shaped and sinewy, with chest and neck full of the lines of great power, a large head thickly covered with long reddish hair, eyes blue, face beardless, complexion fair but discoloured by low passions and excesses—such was old King Solomon."

The writer has often seen the portrait of King Solomon painted from life by General S. W. Price, and its memory adds form and colour to Mr. Allen's description.

It is part of the pathos of the story that a white man who had buried his wife and child, in his loneliness and heart hunger, began to drink and gradually sank lower and lower until he was sold for vagrancy to a "free nigger."

VIII

Some time ago a correspondent signing the initials C. W. J. wrote to ask about the origin of the familiar line "He that runs may read." C. W. J. ascribed it to Tennyson. Amelie Troubetskoy (Amelie Rives) has since written to THE BOOKMAN tracing the line back to the following verse of Habakkuk:

And the Lord answered me and said, write the vision and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.

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SOME ANGLO-AMERICAN MEMORIES

BY C. M. FRANCIS

Mr. Smalley's Memories—American Speech-makers

There is a passage in Mr. G. W. Smalley's new series of *Anglo-American Memories* which will go far toward justifying those British satirists who burlesque the oratorical habits of Americans. He thinks the instance he cites is so extreme that his English friends will find it incredible, but if they have read their own writers on America they will hardly be surprised. From *Martin Chuzzlewit* down to the very latest book of Max Beerbohm's and G. K. Chesterton's American characters in British fiction are apt to display a fondness for speech-making in inappropriate circumstances. Mr. Smalley describes a dinner given at the house of Mr. Carnegie in honour of Mr. Morley —"not large enough to be called public, but yet not private." Twenty-two persons were at the table, among whom were several who had distinguished themselves as writers and editors. Mr. Carnegie being ill, his wife took his place but rose when the dinner was over and asked Mr. Richard Watson Gilder to preside.

In front of each guest lay an engraved extract from some book or other writing of Mr. Morley; each quotation different, but each with an engraved request that the guest would take the passage before him as the text of his speech. Mr. Gilder and Mr. Morley alone were free to talk on what they liked. Mr. Gilder—as if he were Mr. Charles Frohman—presented Mr. Morley in a few words chosen with the scholastic care characteristic of Mr. Gilder. Then Mr. Morley, not wholly free from embarrassment, spoke rather briefly but, as ever, weightily and, as ever, expressing the thought which was his own in that language of literature from which neither politics nor society ever wholly withdraws him.

I know not how to go on. I will do nothing beyond chronicling the fact that of the twenty-two men present seventeen spoke. But for once the exuberance of American after-dinner oratory was kept in check. There were men present of a distinction such that in ordinary circumstances they would have thought themselves entitled to not less than half an hour apiece. With a tact for which no praise could be too high they contented themselves with a modest five or ten minutes. . . . Every now and again I looked at Mr. Morley. He had no notion what he was to expect, and as it presently dawned upon him that Mr. Carnegie had required a speech from almost every one of his guests there came over Mr. Morley's face an expression of pleased bewilderment which had about it something of religious beauty. The Christian virtues, for that night at any rate, were his.

It was a scene which could have occurred nowhere but in America and perhaps nowhere in America except under Mr. Carnegie's roof. I have never told the story in England. I was sure no Englishman would believe me.

Excuse for American Oratory

This is one of many little signs that Mr. Smalley has become more English than the English. Time out of mind it has been our custom to deluge with oratory the distinguished foreign visitor whether in public or in private. The English man of letters ought by this time to be fully prepared for the ordeal that awaits him in this country, and should not be surprised when on the morning after his arrival his host rises at the breakfast-table and, with "We have with us to-day one who," sets the ball rolling. In the early days there was some excuse for his not knowing how to take it. The grandiose introductions, the succeeding tributes, glowing but vague, must have seemed at first ironical, till he learned that our available public speakers had probably never heard of him in their lives but were primed with oratory to fit any man. Matthew Arnold was bored by it all miserably and let the fact be known. After one of his public lectures for which tickets were sold, members of the audience would rise as in prayer-meeting. In Washington, for example, he was introduced by a United States Senator who apparently did not know him from Bunyan, and

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after the lecture he was compelled to sit, fidgety and perspiring, for an hour and a half, till every leading citizen in the audience had welcomed him to our shores in a speech which, slightly altered, would subsequently serve just as well in a nominating convention. But that was back in the early eighteen eighties, and nowadays the distinguished stranger should be familiar with our ways and know that we mean no harm by them. And bad as the practice is, there is, in the case of the British visitor, a good excuse for it. On first acquaintance with a Briton conversational difficulties are, as is well known, often insurmountable, and the situation is very trying to American nerves, unaccustomed as they are to the long, silent propinquity of a fellow-being. The occasion seems to demand words of some sort and so finding it impossible to talk to a Briton we deliver addresses at him. That is the real reason for the tremendous deluge of oratory that distresses our honoured British guests. Privately they seem monumental, so we cease our attempts at conversation and begin to treat them as statuary, preparing a long series of speeches as for unveilings and layings of corner-stones. If they would hold up their own end better in talk, they would not so often find themselves, like commemorative tablets, exposed to oratory.

British Memoir Writers

Mr. Smalley's *Memories* are a conspicuous exception among those volumes of reminiscence which have lately fallen so fast from British presses and which contain, chiefly, what Thackeray celebrated as "fashionable fiddle-faddle and feeble court slipslop." He is unduly impressed, to be sure, by the grandeur of his own experience, but he has observed the great-folk he has met, whereas the usual memoir-writer has merely rolled up his eyes at them. When an American is out of sorts with his own vulgarity, worn by the gabble of the yellow journals, nasality, expectoration, William Randolph Hearst and our other national vices, let him see what the British sense of class can do to quite respectable intellects. Let him dive into some golden treasury of distinguished commonplace, sold at $3.50 net, with a frontispiece of Bouncester Castle (pronounced Buster) and pictures of the Duke and Duchess taken as fast as they grew up, and a facsimile of Lord Algernon's first letter to his mother. Let him read even the *Neville Memoirs* published last year, for they are rated highly as very intimate, and learn that Lord Something though of a kind heart was somewhat testy and about the year 1870 said "Damn," and that the third Duke of Wellington had a pretty wit and let him try and guess from the specimens the author gives of it in what it consisted. For now in the twentieth century titled folk and those who know them are printing huge volumes every year given over largely to things like this from the *Vicar of Wakefield:*

> Well, this I can say, that the duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend upon as fact, that the next morning my lord duke cried out three times to his valet-de-chambre, "Jernigan! Jernigan! Jernigan! bring me my garters."

In Goldsmith's day that was burlesque. To the present reader of British memoirs it seems like a literal transcript from their pages.

Mr. Smalley on Mr. Balfour

Mr. Smalley has the gift of pleasant narration and his feeling for rank or social importance has not destroyed his sense of proportion. His sketches of well-known people are uncommonly good. Take, for example, this of Mr. Balfour:

> He will go down in history as a great member of Parliament, as Prime Minister, and much else which is purely political. But there is a Balfour behind all that, of whom the public sees little and knows little; yet, for all that, the real Balfour. If you meet him you will have glimpses of the real man, or of one or more sides of him. A single sentence will show how wide and deep is the gulf which divides him from politics. I used once, in a

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group of men which included Mr. Balfour, an impatient expression about the Psychical Society and its so-called investigations of psychical phenomena. He broke in at once: "I think your scepticism carries you too far. There is nothing in political life as I know it which can be compared to the interest, the profound interest and significance, of psychical research."

Yet I am not aware that he has ever given in his adhesion to the beliefs which that society was founded to establish. It was simply that on all subjects or on most he has an open mind; and that to present to him a problem of any kind is to challenge his attention. And that of itself is almost enough to explain his defects as leader of a great political party. He shares with Pascal the distinction of being a devout believer, yet possessed with an invincible longing to apply scientific methods to matters of faith. He is a saint in the skin of an agnostic. There is an intellectual and spiritual kinship between him and the great Frenchman. Of the *Provincial Letters,* he might have written the first four. . . . If he has not Pascal's genius—and who has?—he has the Port Royalists' habit of seeing both sides, and of stating both. It is a useful habit in the realms of speculation. It is almost fatal in party politics. . . .

During the debate on the Parliament Bill Mr. Asquith asked him across the table whether, if or when the Conservatives came back into power, they would repeal the Parliament Bill. Peel would have said, "It is my purpose." Palmerston would have answered in a word, "Yes." Disraeli would have uttered a flashing sentence: "We exist only for that." Even Mr. Gladstone might have declared that the logic of circumstances would impose on him that high duty. But Mr. Balfour began to distinguish. There were clauses which would have to be modified. Others, no doubt, must be expunged. If any part of the Act remained on the statute book it would not be the mischievous part. And so on. His followers sat aghast. The ground on which they were fighting the Bill as a measure of revolution was slipping from under them as Mr. Balfour went on refining. If he had met the challenge with a "Yes, certainly we will," he might have remained leader of the party, and the blue sky that bends over England would have been a good deal bluer than it is now.

Safe and Sane

Mr. Smalley, like the author of that other lively volume on *England and the English,* Mr. Price Collier, takes to the "best people," as a duck to water, the best people being always by a singular coincidence the socially important; and the British scale of social values has sunk into his soul like a message from on high. He is probably a stauncher Conservative than any duke. Of ancient intellectual lineage —the New York *Tribune* on one side, the London *Times* on the other—he is by nature a Tory, if not a Jacobite, and his point of view in political and social matters is that of a Vere de Vere. Both Mr. Collier and Mr. Smalley illustrate the truth that there is no more sturdy product of Old England than an eviscerated American with new British insides. The native aristocrat seems lax and careless beside him. Both have written more entertainingly about the English than any other American of recent years. It may be because they have surveyed them with rounder eyes. Naturally the House of Lords is to Mr. Smalley the last bulwark of constitutional government, and the Lloyd-George Budget, the super-tax and the death duties are abominations, bound to lead to the vulgar subdivision of estates, so that a gentleman can scarcely own his square mile to shoot over. "The American who cares to see England as it has been for centuries, in all its charm, must not wait too long." However, it may be that old English conditions can be established in America if Theodore Roosevelt does not come to the throne.

When Mr. Lloyd George's first Budget spread alarm among men who had something to lose, Mr. Astor acted in his usual decisive way. We were discussing at Hever the exit of capital from England to safer homes. Stories were current of fleeting millions. I asked Mr. Astor whether he thought them true.

"I know of one that is true. Within the last three months I have remitted to New York a million and a half sterling ($7,500,000), which but for Mr. Lloyd George's Budget I should have invested here."

"May I say so?"

"Repeat it to whom you will. I care not who knows it."

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So there is a tribute from this expatriated American to the financial security of the country that once was his.

If all goes well, the United States, which is already sixty years behind the countries of western Europe in the field of social legislation, may still be the safe refuge of all "stern, unbending Tories" who seek escape from the dangers of innovation.

Mr. Carnegie and King Edward

Considering Mr. Smalley's acute sense of the proprieties, he tells this shocking tale of Mr. Carnegie with surprising *sang froid:*

It was here [in the library at Skibo] that Mr. Carnegie had lately received King Edward, who had been staying at Dunrobin and had motored over for luncheon. It was here that Mr. Carnegie welcomed the King by reciting to him the poem which Mr. Joaquin Miller had composed on the occasion of Mr. Carnegie's birthday. I was shown the poem, emblazoned in colours on stamped cardboard. All about the countryside the story had been told, or several stories had been told. The King, it was said, did not like Mr. Joaquin Miller's effusion. In truth, these verses of the Poet of the Sierras were not conceived in a courtier-like spirit. They began with invocations to the German Emperor, to President Roosevelt, to the King, "Hail fat Edward"— "That's you, sir," said Mr. Carnegie to the King—and then swept aside all these great personages with Mr. Joaquin Miller's personal assurance that he had rather shake Mr. Carnegie's strong hand than all the others, as if they were all outstretched to him, which they do not appear to have been.

It is true the late King was fat, which did not prevent him from carrying himself with a distinction that proved how little mere physique has to do with dignity and personal charm. His mother had proved it before him. But it is not the custom to dwell on these matters with royalty. There is a story of a man in a shooting party who said to the King as he missed two or three pheasants flying over his head: "Sir, you are too fat to shoot rocketers." But he never was asked to shoot with the King again; nor perhaps would Mr. Joaquin Miller have been.

ANDREW LANG—AN OLD-FASHIONED MEMORY

BY STUART HENRY

ANDREW LANG scarcely loved Americans. There is where we had a slight advantage over him. We were truly fond of him, and have spoken sweet peace and regrets to his worthy and felicitous name with something of a real heartache. We were too new to suit his antiquarian tastes. Our letters were too young to present before him any of those lovely, mellow perspectives that beautify the literatures of his dead centuries.

It is quite true, however, that he never referred to us as "canaille." By that somewhat careless old allusion of his, he merely designated the "low literary hacks" surrounding Poe at bay—that "gentleman" of his time. But, necessarily a people of the present and the future, we could not be expected to interest a man to whom the future was a blank and the present a sort of regrettable bread-and-butter makeshift. In his eyes the past, with its glories of decay, was the manifest wonder on earth.

Born a shrewd and mildly uncanny Scot of, anciently, an English strain, and complicated with Oxford which he ever lauded and never forgot, Andrew Lang belonged quite genuinely to St. Andrews. It is a town enveloped under the mists of the North Sea, and famed for its classic university and its supremely classic golf. There would seem to be a kindred halo of polite snobbery about both college and game in their aristocracy. Harmonising with his surroundings, there hovers about him, too, a certain aloof-

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ness. He belonged to the élite of letters, and to his intelligence the term meant consecration of age.

In Richmond's portrait the world is most familiar with his facial appearance. Therein that gentle, whimsical countenance possesses something delicate and womanly. It is strikingly like Stevenson's. And, indeed, the two men are pendants in literature, representing in several kindred ways different aspects of the same things. But Stevenson will be the more prominent and enduring figure because more unique in his art and more serious in his attitude toward style. Lang was professedly negligent in his bearing in this latter respect, as if fearing the responsibilities of being an original master or a pedant. This is not meaning to neglect a whit of praise of his skilled and beautiful English, especially as exhibited in the translations.

Characteristically, in the Richmond canvas, the critic of St. Andrews appears seated in the chiaroscuros of his library. For it is there one thinks of him. A man of belles lettres, living amid tomes and inked sheets, inhaling the dust of old shelves in a shadowy retreat of leather bindings, he never emerges clearly to the light of day. Fresh air, heaven's sunshine, the fragrance of flowers, the flesh and blood of men and women, were never really present to the senses in any of his countless pages. His was truly an academic life, removed from the loving and sweating world of actuality. As one of the most completely literary men of his epoch, his very breath and happiness came from books. He troubled little in trying to square affairs with the every-day realities. He desired to be "old-fashioned." There was nothing of the prophet or pioneer about him.

His shadowiness, spun of his pent-up study room twilights and the shades of gone ages ever thickening around him, blended richly with the existences of all the fairies and ghosts whom he dwelt with and loved. The women whom Andrew Lang adored were dead; he never took up a live author if there were a good deceased one at hand. He would not have written or believed in the line,

There are some of the dead who ought to be killed.

He would have resurrected them all. So, living ideals were, to his mind, of less consequence than dead ideals.

A historian of all the elves in all the colours of the spectrum, a dreamer of the ancients, lingering over the inhalations of his "Enchanted Cigarettes" of multitudinous literary projects in his nocturnal atmosphere, the real, to him, was merged in the unreal, and life was a kind of pastime of memory and retrospection. Curiously enough, though he has done as much as any one to keep alive many of the superstitions and quackeries that afflicted as well as beguiled our ignorant, frightened ancestors, he was a professed hater of humbugs.

As to women, might it not have been expected that he would succumb to precisely the earliest heartbreaker known to history? His love for the vagrant and flagrant Helen of ancient Troy was quite pardonable. One rather suspects that Lang's proficient and profitable interest in Homer and those times was somewhat due to the ravishing bride of Ilium, from whose breasts, as he reminded us, were modelled cups of gold for the service of the gods.

But one cannot be immoral in a previous century. It might have been a dubious proceeding for such a conservative individuality to exalt the beauties of the Liane de Pougy or Sarah Brown of our day. But we wink at his toying with the feminine and glad plasticities of that "Strife of Love in a Dream" which he was pleased to unearth from the *Hypnerotomachia of one of those* celebrated unknown Colonnas of the late middle ages.

In such tributes to the sex—for he could sing charmingly of love—he was quite French. This was true, too, of his extreme versatility and dexterity as a light, handy-man of belles lettres. His obvious forte was a wonderful legerdemain, amazing and engaging in its variety and choice tastes. In his adroitness we often fear he may be laughing to himself at our expense. He was, perhaps, like the juggler who is secretly amused at his baffled, open-mouthed spectators in their efforts to trace his agilities. Agreeable fooling was, indeed,

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not a little part of Lang's literary career. Those who met him in the flesh testify to laughing with him at his fun, and readily pardoning him his lively antipathies.

Besides, there were his prevailing Gallic qualities of lightsomeness, grace, and the desire to please lucidly and, in a way, femininely. He represented that odd fondness, sympathy and understanding which the Scots have for things French. He contributed, in fact, a characteristic of grace to the English body of literature of his time. For grace is, of course, not a distinguishing British quality.

But while the Romantic poets sang of their loves in tears, and the first Parnassians—those of the generation ahead of Lang—perpetuated theirs in stanzas courting the prime materials of marble and bronze, he reflected a certain decadence in employing the minor medium of blue china. The flintness of heart of the Parnassians was fittingly associated with the hardness of the substances their fancies preferred fastidiously to labor in. Furthermore, to be æsthetic as well as brilliant as was Lang, is to confess to a degree of induration. Pleasant, humorous, dapper, he was, as hinted, not greatly moved by the joys and sorrows of his generation. His nature had something like his beloved blue china about it. Crystal gazing, one of the kaleidoscopic topics he treated of, was an appropriate way in which he contemplated the world.

Very adept and clever as was his poetic muse, it was wholly imitative, acknowledging Austin Dobson as its master. Little significant, too, was his fiction, attaching itself likewise to decadent features. It fancied the lower border lines of sensational incident and detective forms. His stories, with their ingenuity and skill, merited a mild *succès d'estime*. The "Great Gladstone Myth" and "Prince Prigio" would please but those who love a bookish existence.

He could not be considered a great, a prime man of literature. He preferred to coddle and worship what some one else had done better before he was born; to imitate the ideals of others; to play the accompaniment to some larger soul. As a minor man of the first class, his figure, in any of the domains of original letters, has faded quickly into the dust. He is already lost behind the commanding figures. As he paid little heed to the future, the future, in revenge as it would seem, will pay no heed to him in those demesnes.

But in the realms of folklore and fairyland, in the beautiful translations associated with his name, in the lighter fields of keen literary appraisal, Lang has left a highly valuable and valued reputation. He appreciated belletristic artistry, and reflected the magic of charm. In his propagation and enhancement of the literary spirit, he has left the English empire of belles lettres enriched in attractiveness. In his manner in this, however, he was not true to his time. Our distinctive critics do not look exclusively at the printed page before them, but also at the book of teeming life around them. He is almost as foreign to these characteristic compeers as if he were of Swift's day.

Not too much of anything at a time suited his sprightly, easily-winded talents. The long serious tasks of his admired translations were accomplished with the well-known aid of collaborators. One infers that he would never have essayed them alone. He modestly called his masterly little *Letters to Dead Authors* merely "exercises in the art of dipping." Instead of exalting critics (himself among them) into the heights of formidable and oracular wisdom, he termed them "the sandwich men of literature." He could sparkle freely like champagne, as his innumerable leaders in the London journals attest. His tinctures of acidities left, for the most part, little bad taste. Typical of his abundant levities may be recalled his remark that the worst thing he ever heard of our Dr. Holmes was that he could never say no to an autograph hunter.

Literature was for Andrew Lang an anodyne and not an analysis of life. He regarded books as rather tools and toys of beguilement in our frail human existence. His weak stomach for analysis and the inductive processes served him poorly in his conflict with Anatole France over Joan of Arc. He could scarcely match the dialectics of the Frenchman. Logic was too lean and exacting a school-

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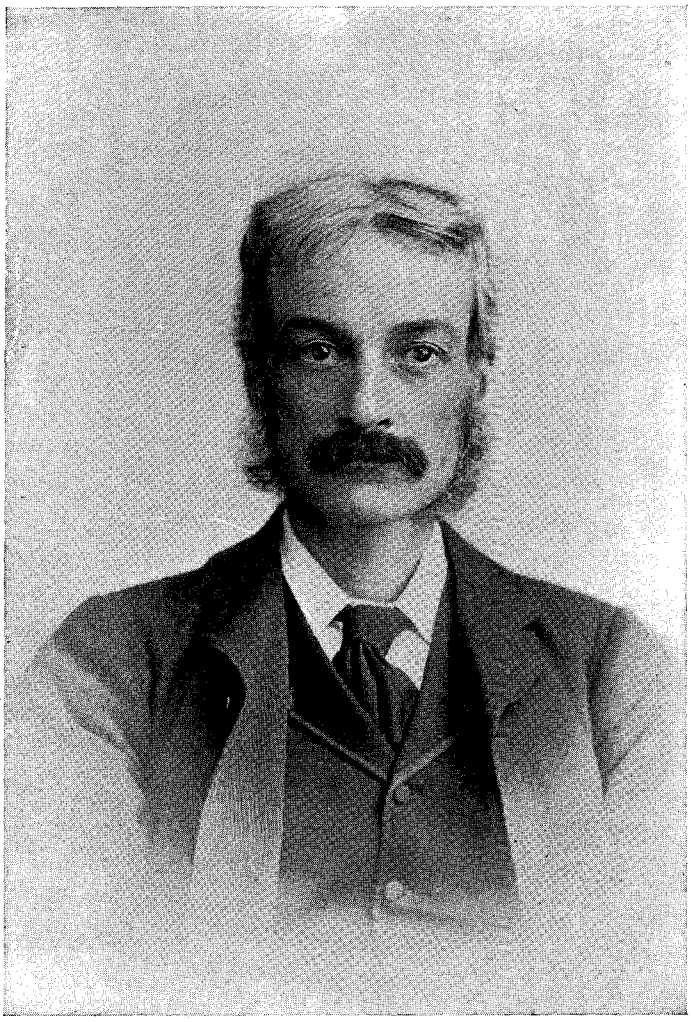

"DID I KEEP A SERAGLIO, AS DR. JOHNSON CONTEMPLATED DOING (A SERAGLIO OF THE FANCY), IT WOULD CONTAIN ELIZABETH BENNETT, MARIANNE DASHWOOD, ANNE ELLIOT OUT OF MISS AUSTEN'S LOT. FROM SCOTT'S LOT ROSE BRADWARDINE, DIANA VERNON, CATHERINE SETON. I DO NOT WANT ANY OF DICKENS'S YOUNG PEOPLE; BUT OF COURSE BEATRIX ESMOND IS ALWAYS THE QUEEN OF THESE GATHERINGS, WITH BECKY SHARP, THEO LAMBERT AND BETSINDA. MISS BARBARA GRANT IN 'CATRIONA' AND MISS ROSE JOSCELYN IN 'EVAN HARRINGTON' REPRESENT MR. STEVENSON AND MR. MEREDITH; AND MLLE. DE MONTALAIS STANDS FOR DUMAS."—*Andrew Lang.*

mistress for his impatient liveliness, and especially difficult to bear with in the baffling case of the French Maid.

For that matter,—parenthetically,—is not the trouble about her due to the fact that she ought not to have been born in France? She did not belong there. As a result she has always worried the French to distraction, much as a duckling troubles a mother hen. Can any one ever satisfactorily understand her as a child of France?

Nevertheless, to continue, Lang was a controversialist at times nimbly mordant and to be feared. In the region of folklore he came atilt at Max Müller with credit. And in the matter of his "John Knox and the Reformation," some of his unsympathetic views roused up the good St. Andrews neighbours in high dispute, much to his glee, one suspects. He was not averse to war in this way, carried on with polite and seemly vehemence. But he was no man for the

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coarse, rough world as it is out in the open. He wore too fastidiously an air of excellent daintiness. As has been neatly expressed, "he would rather be old-fashioned decently, than enlightened with rude violence."

What activities he displayed out in the world were pleasantly associated with sports and pastimes and only with such as lent themselves to literary allusion and treatment. He was an authority on angling, cricket, and golf. While it may possibly be true that these diversions interested him as much as the unity of Homer, one fancies he did not pay so much heed to the actual catch or score as to the traditions. He rather suggests those hunters who forever read new catalogues of articles of equipment and forever acquire better weapons, but concern themselves relatively little about killing any game.

Consistent with his antiquarian instincts, Andrew Lang—first of all conspicuous for writing on "everything" and laughably encyclopædic in his interests—was unsympathetic (it must be emphasised) with the great currents of thoughts, contests and aspirations which, in his generation, swept through the lives of men and bookdom. While powerful writers have risen up, travailed, revolutionised, added new horizons to the universe of things; while naturalist, realist, impressionist, symbolist have in turn fought, bled and triumphed; while unique giants like Tolstoy, Ibsen, and Materlinck have accomplished their miracles,—Andrew Lang still kept his library windows closed, and went on with his engaging feats of bookish skill.

Or, to vary the figure, he angled in the pleasant streams and golfed across the fine landscapes of serene literatures, and was little conscience-stricken that other men were carrying on the big original business of letters. Science (except anthropology), the drama, problem fiction, and a hundred forces that are puissantly shaping our progress, were almost as nought to him.

But, as we have sought to indicate, Andrew Lang was a very desirable and delectable link with the past. During all his lifetime, while men and women were more absorbed than ever in the problems and promises of the present, he kept pointing gracefully a doting hand backward to the old centuries with their dear foolish dreams, their beautiful myths, errors, art.

It is true he took life by an easy handle, though very busily and charmingly. It is far less difficult to accept and approve the past than disprove it; to deal with old-time legends than present-day facts; to edit twenty books than write a powerful masterpiece; to study sports than be an authority on the evolution of literature. But, on the other hand, to be talented and quite worth while as was Andrew Lang in several branches of an art, has been possible to surprisingly few men.

IBSEN AND COMPANY ON THE JAPANESE STAGE

BY YONE NOGUCHI

HEN the Liberty Theatre, of Tokio, was inaugurated three or four years ago with Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman*, the manager enjoined: "Forget your old art or stage tricks. Make a fresh start. The new art is not mending the old, but building the new. The ground has to be levelled, leaving not a trace. Entirely new plans have to be drawn; every timber must be new. Are the carpenters ready?" What he suggested was revolution. It was difficult then to say whether the play was a success or a failure; but it was the fact that it was the first time in the long history of Japanese theatrical art for us to see on the stage such sombre colour, such self-analysis, such intensity of emotion. For the last ten or fifteen years, the minds of the

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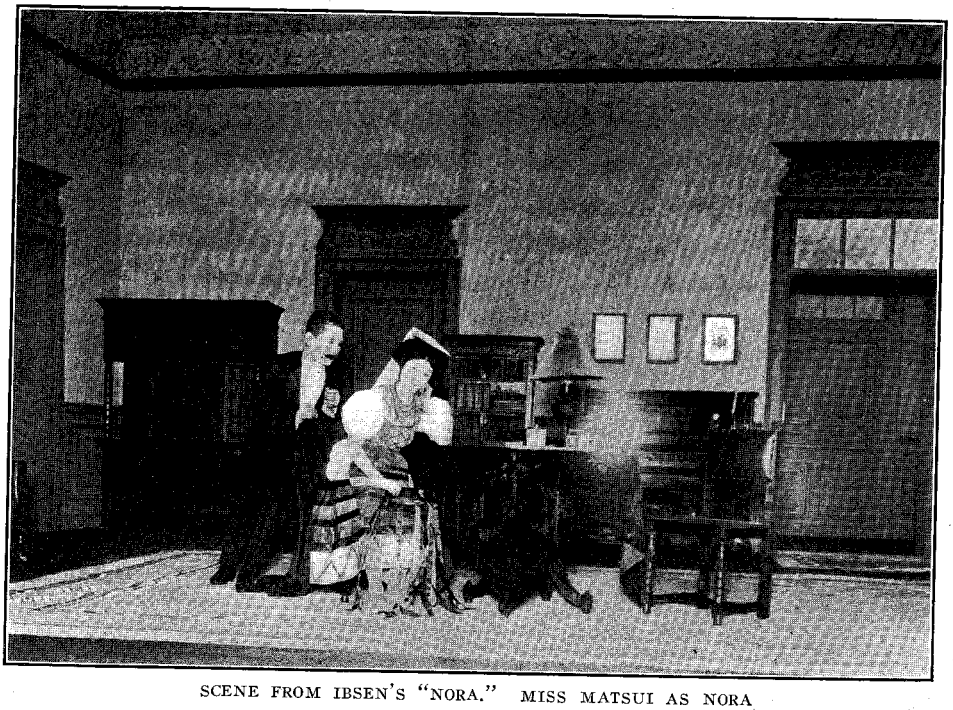

SCENE FROM IBSEN'S "NORA." MISS MATSUI AS NORA

SCENE FROM HAUPTMANN'S "THE LONELY LIVES," PLAYED BY SADANJI ICHIKAWA AND COMPANY

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younger generation have been more or less under the influence of Western individualism, which awakened them to subtle consciousness, and brought vividly before them vital questions of actual life. Not perhaps that they are less patriotic, but they have begun to think more of themselves. There were not a few who declared like young Erhart in Ibsen's play: "For I am young! That's what I never realised before; but now the knowledge is tingling through every vein in my body. I will only live, live, live!"

Borkman was followed by Wedekind's *The Royal Opera Singer,* Hauptmann's *The Lonely Lives;* and a one-act play by Maeterlinck. With these dramas the new theatrical movement was launched. The lost art of our old Japan began to rise fresh and more vigorous. Indeed, the actors participating in the movement, and also the audience who encouraged them, were ambitious; they even flattered themselves that they were not so far behind the dramatic reform which had gained a strong foothold in the West. In addition to the Liberty Theatre, the Bungei Kyokwai or the Society of Arts and Letters, with Dr. Tsubouchi as its head, began to propagate the artistic intelligence and general Western knowledge from behind the footlights. *Hamlet* was played in complete form for the first time in Japan at the Imperial Theatre a year or so ago. When the Society brought out Ibsen's *Nora* last autumn before a Japanese audience, it was meant to strengthen and endorse the movement. The young actors and playwrights who wished to realise a far quicker dramatic reform inaugurated a little while ago "Doyo Gekijo" or The Saturday Theatrical Company, and the company's idea was to play a Western play every Saturday evening at the Yurakuza Theatre. It was there that the Irish plays of Lady Gregory were first staged.

Now turning to the Japanese actors in Western dramas and plays. They soon found out that to forget the old classicism and extravagant theatrical images of the Japanese stage was not enough; in fact, a finer art, an art of which they never dreamed before, was to be mastered. It was difficult for them to act in a play which has comparatively no action, and in which at any moment the curtain might drop; it did not take long to discover that it was the most difficult art to utter impressively and meaningfully the lines given to them. What at first seemed easy, began to look hard and almost menacing; with each new play which they essayed their trouble grew deeper. And there was another matter to consider in the new dramatic movement; that was about the actresses.

"To be natural" came to be considered the first and last necessity of stage art with the Western invasion; in truth, there was nothing more natural than that women should take the women's parts. Students of the Japanese play understand that the actors rarely appear on the same stage with the actresses, the female parts being taken by male impersonators. Of course, however, there are a few exceptions such as Sada Yacco and Madam Kumehachi Ichikawa, who always play with the men. Besides, the number of Japanese actresses is small; and to become a stage artist was not held to be a legitimate profession for women. The Japanese often confuse the characters of their impersonations and their own personalities. On the other hand, the art of women impersonating among the actors, beautifully developed and perfectly completed, is an old Greek art which has borne in Japan wonderful fruit; it is not a creation of one time and age, it has a history of at least a few hundred years. But with the new dramatic movement the women were much encouraged for the stage; even schools for actresses were opened, for instance, that started by the Imperial Theatre Company.

Strangely enough, the actresses Okuni and Otsu were the founders of the Japanese stage, and the joint performance of both sexes was even encouraged for some time at the beginning. When the women were once barred from the stage, the playwrights were obliged to create woman rôles peculiarly fitted for the woman impersonator. The voice and manner of the art came, in time, to appear natural. On the other hand, the woman rôle or "Oyama" as it

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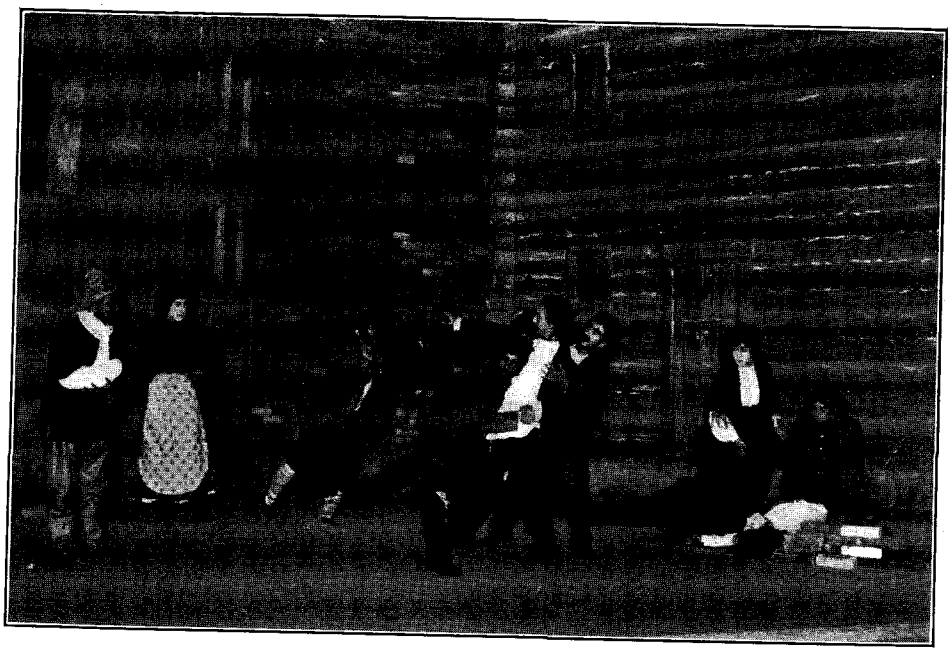
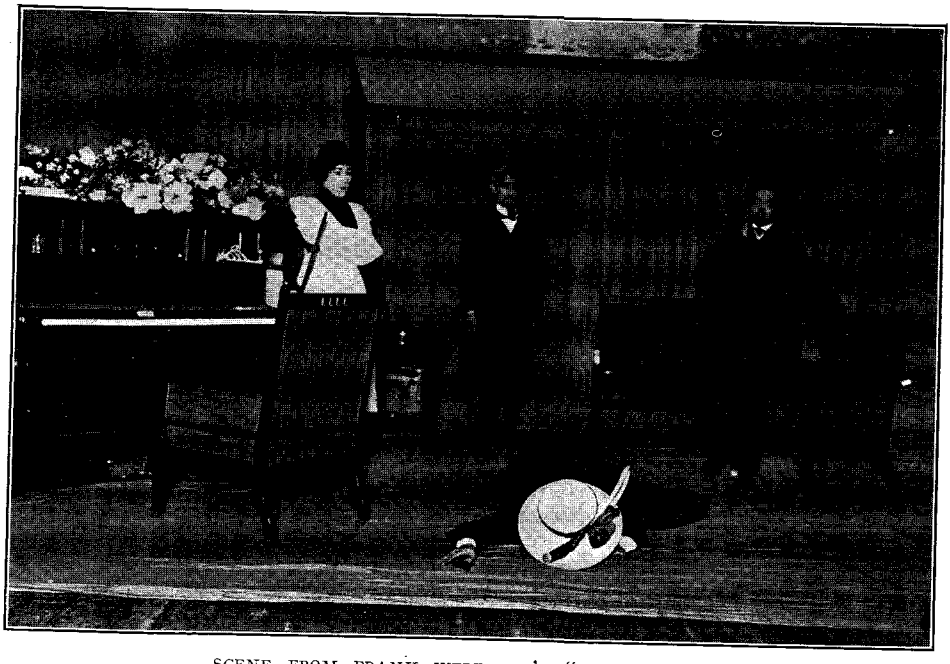


SCENE FROM MAXIM GORKY'S "THE LOWER DEPTHS." SADANJI ICHIKAWA AS PEPEL



SCENE FROM FRANK WEDEKIND'S "OPERA SINGER"

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SCENE FROM CHECKOFF'S "DOG." SADANJI ICHIKAWA AS STEPPAN

is called, would be perfectly impossible for a born woman, if she wished to undertake it, as the rôle requires a man's physical strength to wear the heavy brocade, and to be active through eight or nine hours of the usual performance. It is not too much to say that the Japanese play rises and falls with the man player; but the Japanese women constitute the best audience. It was the old Oriental ethics and Bushido if it ever existed that drove woman indoors, to speak figuratively, made her lose art for humanity, made her build her own castle on a little mat and a half room with her firebox as a queen of the nursery. The Japanese woman under the Tokugawa feudalism only studied how to make unnaturalness appear natural. In one sense, she was an actress with quite an opposite development from the stage art. If the woman of the Tokugawa age which came to an end only forty years ago had any freedom, it was in the theatrical houses, the kingdoms of women, where she could find on the stage the personifications of her own ideals.

Mr. Kaworu Osanai chose Miss Horikoshi to take the part of Mrs. Fanny Wilton in Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman*. The chief female part in Wedekind's *Opera Singer* was given to Yenjaku, the well-known woman-impersonator, which was staged after Ibsen's play. But no actress was admitted for the third play of the enterprise, and there will be no woman in the fourth or fifth. On the other hond, The Bungei Kyokwai appeared more hopeful of the actresses; the society had a young woman act the part of Ophelia in *Hamlet*. It was the same woman, Miss Sumako Matsui by name, who played *Nora* with some success, and women participate in the ventures of the Saturday Theatrical Company. After all, the Japanese actress is still an experiment. The most serious question is this: "How can the new dramatic movement succeed with no real woman upon the stage?"

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BRESLIN TOWER

LITERARY LIFE IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

THE South has ever been anxious for a literary centre, and the students of ante-bellum history point with pride to Huntsville, Alabama, where during "flush times," Joseph G. Baldwin, author of that estimable *Party Leaders,* used to adjourn from the court to the Choctaw House across the way, and talk over the state of the literary market. In Augusta, Georgia, Richard Henry Wilde, whose chief claim to remembrance is the lyric, "My Life is Like a Summer Rose," gathered a coterie of writers around him. Charlestonians recall with abnormal pride the circle amidst which William Gilmore Simms reigned supreme. As Professor Trent declares, people used to say: "So you had Simms with you last night. We could hear him declaiming as far as my house."

But despite the local pride of these towns, and the foreign attractiveness of New Orleans and Mobile, the real literary centres of the South, since the day William and Mary College ceased to be the only home of culture, have been around the University of Virginia and the University of the South.

It is surprising how much Sewanee has contributed to the intellectual vigour of the South. Of all institutions of learning, it seems to be the most isolated, in a region of Tennessee made familiar in part through the writings of Charles Egbert Craddock. The University of the South rises on a table land, two thousand feet above sea level; its views may be had from rifts and steeps—a sheer drop of woodland beauty on all sides. Here among the clouds, Sewanee adds its fair share to the idealism of the South.

The literary vigour of the University began with its three founders, Bishops

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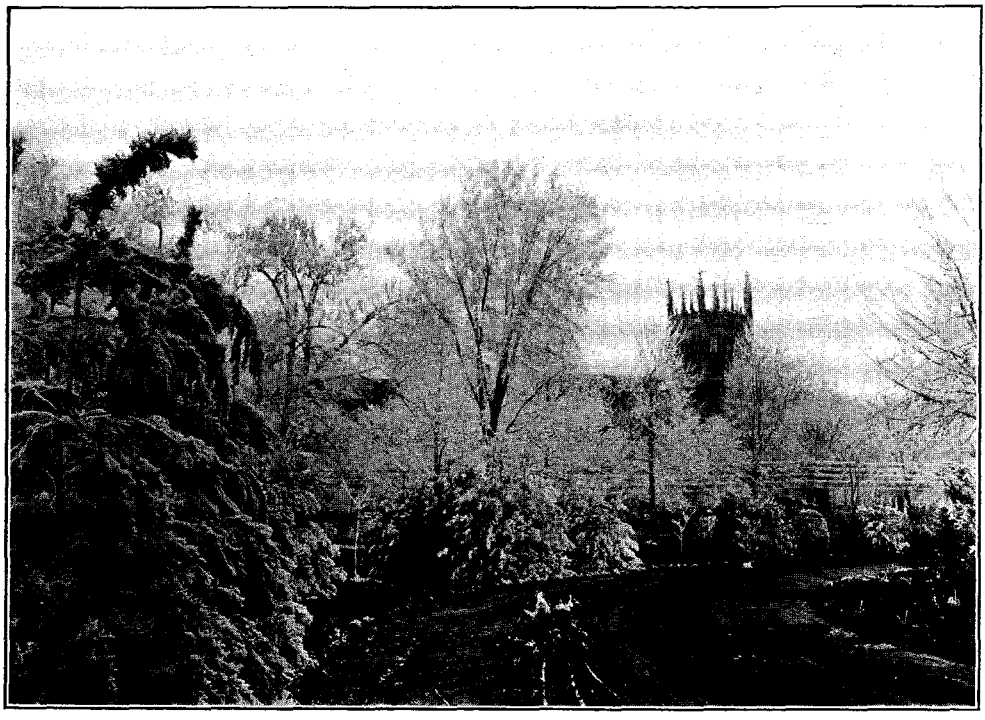

BRESLIN TOWER, FROM THE CAMPUS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH, SEWANEE

Otey, Polk, and Elliott. Their letters are true examples of the old style of writing, and present an excellent view of educational theory as held by the Southern gentleman. Polk, the fighting Bishop of the Confederacy, wrote copiously to Elliott—and the latter, English to the core in tradition, and in literary taste as well, to judge by his *stately*—the only word to use—library, impressed upon Sewanee an English atmosphere which instantly strikes the attention of the visitor, even before he has seen the Library with its Breslin Tower, modelled after Magdalen Tower, Oxford, and before he has even heard the Westminster chimes.

Being an Episcopal institution, with numberless graduates among the bishopric, the University of the South is largely associated with the lives of bishops. In the *Memoirs of Polk and Elliott;* in the letters of Kirby-Smith, the Confederate general now buried in Sewanee Cemetery, the University is an object of personal pride and special chapters. After the war, the Southern soldier turned to teaching. Many were the times General Kirby-Smith was offerred large sums to write up his war experiences, but he preferred to talk about them in the class-room or at the Professor's Club, and to ride about Sewanee, studying the flora, fauna, and geology of the mountains. Bishop Quintard, to whom credit is given for re-establishing the University after the war, left behind him some excellent memoirs of the war, edited by a Sewanee man to be considered later.

Another name treasured by the University was that of George Rainsford Fairbanks, who was a contemporary worker with Bishop Quintard in the interests of the University. He was a prominent politician in Florida, and served as major (C. S. A.) in the war. He lived in Sewanee, associated with the University from 1867-1880, and at various times wrote a *History of Florida* and *The Spaniards in Florida.* He was identified with the church, and with the Florida Historical Society.

Older students of the University remember the prime of Dr. William Porcher DuBose, who, since 1870, has

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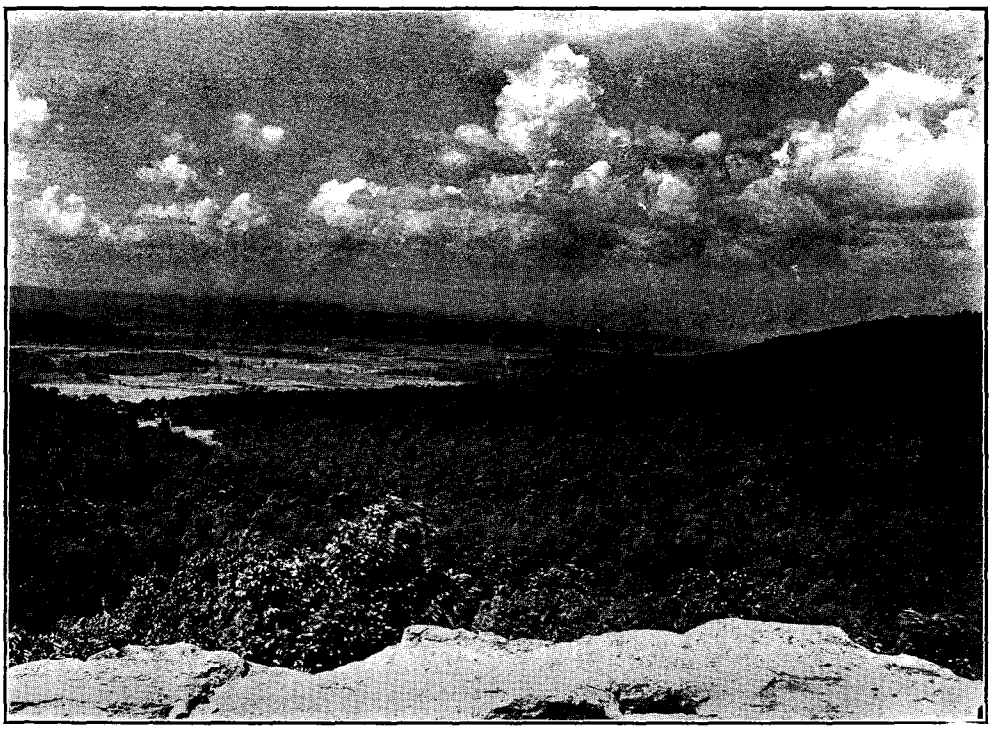

FROM MORGAN'S STEEP, SEWANEE, LOOKING TOWARD COWAN, IN THE DIRECTION OF MURFREESBORO

been the pride of Sewanee. He served as chaplain in the Confederate Army and was wounded several times. Coming to the University, he has served in various capacities from professor of ethics to Dean Emeritus of the theological department. Some say that in his writings he has supported every heresy since the early times of the Church. However that may be, he is the author of such volumes as *Soteriology of the New Testament,* and the *Gospel in the Gospels.* His works are better known in England than in America. As he is to-day, Dr. DuBose has the fire of youth in his eyes, and speaks with the glowing eloquence of the Old South.

Older students will likewise recall the figure of Dr. Cashie Harrison, fresh from the University of Cambridge traditions, and Professor of Ancient Languages at Sewanee from 1870-1882. His dictatorial attitude was stronger than the weak verse of his Horace's *Odes,* and the older generation might be able to rescue from oblivion his versified invitations to university functions written in Greek. Dr. Harrison's son, Henry, now figures before the public as the author of *Queed,* and was born in Sewanee

A gentle dreamer along the streets of the Tennessee village used to be Edward Lovell Johns, professor of the exact sciences, and author, under the pseudonym "Evan Ap Coel," of a poem, "The Silver Wedding," severely lampooned by the press. For a time he kept the supply store, which to-day is run as a university enterprise.

One of the best known books of "reminiscences" dealing with ante-bellum life, is *A Southern Planter,* by Mrs. Smedes, sister of Virginius Dabney (who wrote a novel, *Don Miff*), recounting the experiences of the Dabney family in the Black Belt, when, as Dabney himself wrote, "It took two [negroes] to help one to do nothing." The author of this book now resides in Sewanee; some one described her as "cute" in the bric-à-brac sense. There is a feeling at the University that an unruly student only has to be brought into the presence of one of these gentle ladies, to be tamed. The figure of the librarian of the University, Mrs. E. H. Shoup,

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IN HER GARDEN AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE, AMIDST OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS, PLUM TREES, AND GRAPE VINES, MISS ELLIOTT GIVES WEEKLY RECEPTIONS

not only links Sewanee with post-bellum days, but recalls the name of the Reverend Francis Shoup, a former Brigadier-General (C. S. A.), who wrote *Mechanism and Personality*.

Much educational work in print has been done by the Sewanee faculty since the days of Charles McD. Puckette published his *First Latin Book*. The tradition is kept up by the University's present professor of Latin, W. B. Nauts. Sewanee recalls the person of Silas McBee during 1874, a man who in 1891 drew plans for the University buildings and who in 1896 became editor of *The Churchman* in New York. Another Sewanee writer joined McBee in 1899. This was Benjamin W. Wells, who was professor of Modern Languages in the University from 1891-1900, in which capacity he became the editor of about twenty text books. He is the author of *A Century of French Fiction, Modern French Literature* and *Modern German Literature*.

Mr. Wells's name is linked with that of Professor Trent in the editing of a very striking series of books, *Colonial Prose and Poetry*. From 1888-1899, Trent was closely identified with Sewanee and to him is due the founding of *The Sewanee Review*, assisted as he was by Vice-Chancellor Benjamin Lawton Wiggins, himself a writer of miscellaneous abstract papers. While at Sewanee, Professor Trent did some of his most distinctive work, writing the *Life of Simms* (in which fearless criticism brought down upon him the wrath of the sensitive South), *Statesmen of the Old Régime, Lee*, besides various text books of a literary character.

Sewanee of the present has many literary names of which it may well be proud. The daughter of Bishop Elliott is Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliott, whose charming back garden, with its sloping lawn, is largely the literary meeting-ground of the University. Two things about her she knows the Old South would never have countenanced: one, that she actually writes for money; the other that she believes in suffrage as a means of escaping a certain kind of Southern chivalry. Among her many books will be recalled *The Felmeres, Jerry, The Durset Spirit*, and *Sam Houston:* a biography. For Lewis Waller, the English actor, she wrote the roman-

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THE RESIDENCE OF DR. KIRBY SMITH

tic play, *His Majesty's Servant*. But that Miss Elliott maintains the ideals of the Old South is seen in her attitude toward the scientific movement in nineteenth century fiction. She says of the scientific spirit, "The Holy of Holies in religion, in politics, in morals, has been invaded, investigated, turned inside out, dusted and wiped with an antiseptic rag."

The successor to Professor Trent in the English Department was John Bell Henneman, a scholar of high attainment, and a teacher of ideal scope. His untimely death left incomplete his work on that excellent encyclopædia, *The South in the Building of the Nation*, to which many Sewanee men contributed. And *à propos* of literary collections, the University of the South points with some pride to a series of papers read before the Sewanee Club in 1885, and gathered together in a volume, *Matthew Arnold and the Spirit of the Age*, edited by Greenough White.

Professor White, biographer of Bishops Cobbs and Kemper, held the chair of ecclesiastical history and polity in 1894; and later was appointed acting professor of the history of art. In many papers he has considered at length the philosophy of English and American literature, and has written on the church.

The name of William Norman Guthrie has been identified with Sewanee since 1889, though now he is rector of St. Marks in New York. His authorship extends from plays and poems to essays on *Modern Poet Prophets*. He is interested in university extension work, and in drawing the church and the theatre closer together. While at Sewanee, he conceived the idea for two periodicals, *The Forensic Quarterly* (now defunct) and *The Dramatic Quarterly*.

One of the soundest thinkers Sewanee has produced is Edgar Gardner Murphy, author of *The Larger Life, Problems of the Present South* and *The Basis of Ascendency*. Forsaking active work in the ministry, Mr. Murphy became closely identified with two movements in the South: Child Labour and the Racial Problem. In both fields he has won distinction. His poetry is of no mean quality, and his interest in astronomy, as a side activity, has resulted in some scientific recognition.

Rev. Arthur Howard Noll, engaged in church and university affairs, is one of the most versatile writers now in Se-

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wanee. He entered the ministry after he had served in the law, and in the railroad business of Mexico. The latter association was the cause for his writing the *History of Mexico, From Empire to Republic, The Life and Times of Costilla,* and various other books of historical interest. Being the historiographer of the diocese of Tennessee, there is good reason for his editing the memoirs of Quintard, Greg, and Kirby-Smith. Dr. Noll's wife is the daughter of Thomas Dunn English, of "Ben Bolt" fame, and Dr. Noll has himself edited a volume of stories by English, entitled *The Little Giant, and Other Wonder Tales.* His wife has mastered the art of book-binding while he is no mean adept at book-plate designing and lettering.

Everywhere one turns in Sewanee there are literary recollections. The name of Archie Butt is now on the lips of every one who knew him as a boy student at the University. His stories are remembered and treasured. They mention student Thomas Buchanan, known to New York theatre audiences by his *A Woman's Way, The Cub, The Rack,* and *Lulu's Husbands,* and as a balance to such ephemeral matter, they point to Reverend Arthur Gray's *Sewanee Theological Library,* published at the Press.

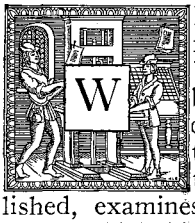
The people of Sewanee could also quote varied annals concerning journalism at the University, the experiments finally culminating in *The Sewanee Review*—one of the best among college magazines, noted for its timeliness and for its scholarship obtained throughout the South, not solely from Sewanee. They have cause likewise to point with pride to the Sewanee Press, distinguished for its sympathetic work in typography.

Even as an isolated centre, the Sewanee lovers are not over-anxious to praise mediocrity simply as a matter of record. For example, the varied literary attempts of the Tucker family and of Joseph H. Armstrong, published largely because friends—the curse of authorship—have requested copies! Of the present faculty, creditable writing is being done by Dr. McBryde, who maintains a high standard as the editor of the *Sewanee Review,* and by Mr. George Townshend, of the English Department.

Thus, literature flourishes on the mountain tops of Tennessee. There is no self-centred smugness about the work; Sewanee is critical of itself. And besides, literature is only one phase of the activity of the University of the South. There is a social problem, greater even than letters, and all of Sewanee is conscious of it: the problem of the mountain white. But that is another story.

THE TATLER

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED



HEN one who is for the first time author of a best-seller, or of a near best-seller, or even of an ordinary, every-day novel that has achieved the distinction of being published, examines the first batch of reviews which his publishers or his clipping bureau have sent him, he is likely, if he be reasonably observant,—and what author reading notices of his own book is not observant?—to be struck by a curious phenomenon. Picking up a slip from the Belleville, Wisconsin, *Bugle,* he reads:

> If any one wants a spirited tale of action and danger, full of thrills, full of surprises, full of healthy, red-blooded excitement, let him read *When Love Leaped Forth.* There is no slipping by degrees into this novel, no gradual awakening of interest, no slowly developing realization on the part of the reader that here is an unusual story, a compelling story, an absorbing story. Instantly, from the start, from the first gripping situation—tense, dramatic, unique and powerful—you realise that this is away head and shoulders above the average novel.

Fine, hearty words of commendation from the literary reviewer of the *Bugle,* whoever he or she may be, having an unmistakable ring of sincerity about

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them too. With a smile of gratification the author of *When Love Leaped Forth* picks up another slip, from the Sapphire Springs, Texas, *Sentinel,* and reads:

If any one wants a spirited tale of action and danger, full of thrills, full of surprises, full of healthy, red-blooded excitement, let him read *When Love Leaped Forth.* There is no slipping by degrees, etc.

The *Bugle's* review verbatim; an extraordinary coincidence. With a puzzled frown the author runs his eyes hastily over two or three brief and unflattering notices from big metropolitan dailies, and then, the Watertown, Maine, *Tribune* greets him with:

If any one wants a spirited tale of action and danger, full of thrills, full of surprises, full of healthy, red-blooded, etc., etc.

And directly after, from far away California, the Santa Clara *Call* remarks:

If any one wants a spirited tale, etc.

Well!

To only two classes of men, publishers and authors, is it given to observe this remarkable phenomenon of literary editors who are attached to newspapers remote from each other, in all the four corners of the country, perhaps, reacting in precisely the same manner on the same book, and not only bursting into spasms of praise about it, but voicing the spasms, all of them, in identical words. Publishers take this calmly, without surprise; and authors likewise, after a little experience, accept it calmly, without surprise. But one to whose attention this matter is brought for the first time is likely to take note of it, and after a little wondering and conjecturing, and dismissing the theories of remarkable coincidence and thought transference, to settle upon a syndicate as the probable answer. But no, a syndicate is not the answer. These notices are inserted in different papers by different people, none of whom, it is probable, even knows of the existence of the others. How then?

If one should examine a copy of *When Love Leaped Forth,* he would find, printed on the front of the paper wrapper, or on the back of it, or on the inside, or perhaps on a slip cunningly inserted between the leaves of the book, words that would run somewhat as follows:

If any one wants a spirited tale of action and danger, full of thrills, full of surprises, full of healthy, red-blooded——

And so on to the stirring end, not omitting a single adjective,—"compelling, absorbing, gripping, tense, dramatic, unique and powerful,"—which create such a favourable impression when they appear in the columns of the *Bugle,* the *Sentinel,* the *Tribune,* and other papers. And when a copy of *When Love Leaped Forth* is sent by the publisher to the literary editor of the *Bugle* for review, the literary editor, who is also the managing editor, the advertising manager, the head of the subscription department and the reporter, transfers with scissors and paste those fine, hearty words of commendation with the unmistakable ring of sincerity about them from the book to his make-up sheet. What more can he do? How can he take the time from editorials, politics, personals and soliciting to read a book and tell what he thinks about it? Therefore, he prints his ready-made review, and thus squares accounts with the publisher who has kindly sent him a book. After that Mrs. Editor gets the book, and there's an end to the matter. Except—that publishers keep on and on sending such honest but imitative reviewers books for review. Why? Ah, they are a wise set of men and know their business.

Thus there is a class who, so to speak, have reviewing thrust upon them. There is another and numerous company who try vigourously to secure recognition as literary critics. Almost daily a publisher will find in his mail a letter, betraying all the known signs of mechanical preparation, which says:

A rapidly growing clientele of readers, representing the cultured and intelligent elite of the community, renders the Belmont *Leader* peculiarly fitted for presenting your books to our public. We shall be glad to receive, etc.

And their willingness to receive is not confined to one book at a time, or two, but to a dozen. Or the letter may baldly declare:

Having recently established a book review

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column, we are writing to ask for your co-operation. We shall be pleased to receive, etc.

Or again, the letter may be of an extremely intimate nature, to the effect that the writer has been, or expects to be literary editor of such and such a paper; and ending:

"Please send me lots and lots of books, and *don't* send them to the newspaper office. Send them to my home address, as follows."

There are certain lady critics who strive to add a pleasant personal touch to their work by frequent letters to the publishers. "I hope you read what I had to say about ——"; or, "I am sending you my review of ——; I do *hope* you will like it." Such naïvete is equalled, in the book reviewing world, only by that of some college professors who write to inform a pubisher that they are ready to review for the local paper, and will accept, rather as a favour, as many books as the publisher will send, and the more the better.

There is an unfortunate tendency on the part of many newspaper proprietors and managing editors to regard book reviewing in a basely utilitarian light. Publishers spend money in advertising, they tell themselves; what better way is there to get some of that money than by running a good book page? And a good book page they run, the goodness too often consisting in saying only those things that publishers would be supposed to like.

"Seen what we've been saying about you?" Such an one, or his representative will say to a publisher when they follow up the bait with a little personal solicitation. "Pretty snappy stuff. Well, I guess."

Snappy it is, out red-blooding, out stirring and out gripping the publishers' own tense language until even he, or his advertising manager has qualms.

It is but a short and easy step from using book reviews as a bait for advertising to a conviction that book reviews ought to be rewarded by advertising. And this is a conviction that managing editors are prone to adopt. It is in vain publishers argue that books are a legitimate subject of public interest; that many newspaper readers like to be informed about books and authors; that the activities of financiers, ball-players, politicians, murderers, divorcés and a host of other people are chronicled at great length without representation in the advertising columns. The *quid pro quo* idea, in the matter of books, has taken strong hold in the newspaper world. It crops up in numerous ways.

"My goodness," a newspaper advertising man exclaims, "here we've run that book page for two years, and we actually haven't got a line of advertising!"

Sometimes the newspaper's sense of injustice leads to threats of discontinuing the book page. Sometimes the book page is discontinued, for lack of a little substantial support. And there is a case on record where a literary editor was sent out to hustle for advertisements, having clearly in mind the knowledge that if he did not secure them his job would cease.

Not all journals, however, demand that their interest in literature be subsidised. Nor are the reviews that really count furnished by the unfit, the misfits, or the grasping. There are newspapers in this country, in which new books are conscientiously, impartially and ably reviewed. But candour impels the confession that they are few, so few in fact that their literary editors are almost overwhelmed with the quantity of books sent them for criticism. One newspaper of this type reviewed in one year recently sixteen hundred new books.

A question frequently asked in certain circles is,—what effect do reviews have on the fortunes of a book? It is a question to which authors are inclined to attach an exaggerated importance, and about which publishers usually betray some haziness of opinion. The answer would seem to be,—What effect can they have? There were published in the United States in 1911, twenty-four thousand two hundred and thirty-five periodicals of all kinds,—magazines, newspapers, and class and trade journals of all sorts and degrees. Of this number, not more than two hundred and fifty, or about one per cent., regularly review books. If then, the readers of only one per cent. of the total number of periodi-

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cals issued in this country have an opportunity to see book reviews; and many of these readers fail, for various reasons to read the reviews that are put before them; is it reasonable to suppose that book reviews can have great influence in affecting the opinion of the mass of the reading public?

Allen Murray Cumnock.

GRUNDY AND GRUNDYISM

Mrs. Grundy, as a social institution of the first importance, is so well established among all English-speaking peoples, that one is inclined, on *prima facie* evidence, to attribute to her a prehistoric origin and to seek some explanation of her sway over the minds of men and women in the earliest legendary lore. From her name, the amateur philologist might infer that she was of Teutonic and therefore of remote Sanskrit origin, and try to connect her with Gundry of the Nibelungen epic, in order to prove that Grundyism was introduced into the British Isles by the Angles and Saxons; while the representative of another school might argue with equal plausibility that it was indigenous there, and adduce evidence to identify our modern social arbitress with one of those early British queens, who, like Boadicea and Guinevere, played so important a part in British history. Guinevere—Grundy—that would seem a likely lead when one considers Arthur's consort under the Tennysonian aspect. It has never been the rôle of Grundyism to impose its restrictions too severely upon its own advocates, and everybody knows that the royal mistress of Lancelot was a great stickler for propriety in others.

But, alas! for all such alluring speculations! It can only too easily be demonstrated that, although the idea for which she stands may be of immemorial origin, Dame Grundy herself is but a comparatively recent creation. Like Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Gamp, Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Partington, and a host of other famous British matrons, she sprang from the fertile brain of British literary genius. Thomas Morton, a forgotten London playwright, is her authentic sponsor, and she made her début on the boards of a London theatre in 1798, the vehicle of her maiden appearance being a comedy of some theatrical effectiveness entitled *Speed the Plough*. To say, however, that she *appeared* on that occasion, is to be guilty of a slight inaccuracy. It has always been a part of Mrs. Grundy's power that she has *never* appeared, and that, invoked in hushed whispers, she has made herself mysterious and awe-inspiring, by keeping discreetly in the background. No more in Morton's play than at any time since, did she actually show herself. Though constantly referred to, she remains throughout the veiled Isis of our modern rites, and makes herself felt, not through any overt act, but through the secret forces at her command.

In the play, Dame Grundy is the wife of a rich and successful farmer. Dame Ashfield, another farmer's wife, for whom she is the object of innocent envy and idolatrous adoration, can do nothing but talk of her and quote her and invoke her approval on every occasion and with reference to every subject. When she returns from the market, she tells her husband that Mrs. Grundy's eggs and cattle are the best she has seen there, and when news comes that their daughter has married a nobleman, she exclaims: "Our Nelly married to a real Baronet! I wonder, Tummas, what Mrs. Grundy will say?" Her husband betrays great irritation at every such reference and finally breaks forth: "Be quiet, woolye? Always ding, dinging Dame Grundy into my ears—what will Mrs. Grundy say? What will Mrs. Grundy think? Can't thee be quiet, let un alone, and behave thyself, Matty?" But the good dame is not to be silenced.

It is true that the lineaments of Mrs. Grundy are none too clearly defined in her initial portrayal. For example, along with what we call Grundyism to-day, there is in her a note of social vanity or snobism, and this even predominates. As we first encounter her, she is less the champion of conventional morality and decent appearances, than she is the symbol of social emulation. The establishment of a new ethical idealism, or even the recognition of one long tacitly accepted, seems to have been wholly absent from the mind of her creator. But

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like many another chance creative suggestion—instance Don Quixote and Sancho Panza—Mrs. Grundy was seized upon and carried to completion by the common creative effort of the multitude. A place was waiting all ready to receive her in the pantheon of popular divinities, and a soul was floating in space prepared to find lodgment in her ample matronly bosom.

The country did not need her, and the town did. So Dame Grundy, the farmer's wife, became, in short order, Mrs. Grundy, the leader of London fashion, with no very definite fixed habitation, but with unquestioned jurisdiction over duchesses, marchionesses, the ladies of earls and barons and baronets, as well as the ladies of plain gentlemen.

> And many are afraid of God,
> And more of Mrs. Grundy,

wrote Locker-Lampson in *London Lyrics,* and many another writer famous in the literature of the nineteenth century bore witness to her supremacy.

It has made little difference that all these literary allusions are of a slurring and contemptuous sort. This is a mere polite fiction. Everybody attacks Mrs. Grundy and disclaims acquaintance with her, but everybody accepts and worships her at the same time, and not least of all the majority of those writers who are loudest in her dispraise. They know that they cannot do without that lady's good graces, if only as a matter of sound business sagacity; and so, however much they may appear to challenge her standards and her authority in a casual, desultory way, they take good care to conform in the conduct both of their fiction and of their own lives. That is, the successful ones do, and the others are of little concern one way or another. It would make an interesting study to determine just how the most apparently audacious novelists make their sacrifices to Mrs. Grundy, who welcomes nothing more than an *appearance* of audacity, since nothing affords her a better opportunity to meet the charges of her adversaries, and to prove her innate liberality. A whole system of moral melodrama, with its happy endings and its high ethical purposes, has thus been devised to accord with the demands of Grundyism, in which anything may be said and done so long as the lines of demarcation between vice and virtue are clearly indicated.

It follows that few writers have ever attempted to confront Mrs. Grundy face to face and subject her to a firm and impartial analysis. In France, where they base a philosophy of life upon every psychological discovery with the same ease with which they tack an "isme" to any noun or proper name—thence "arrivisme," "snobisme," "dandysme," "Bovaryisme," et cetera—they would long ago have formulated "grundysme," and raised it into a rationale of human conduct. In England, however, Grundyism is a religion rather than philosophy, as has been correctly stated by the only English writer who has had the courage to write freely and frankly of an institution grown venerable in little more than a century. This is Samuel Butler, who, in his *Erewhon,* devotes a whole chapter to what, according to the transparent and grammatical system adopted throughout, he calls "Ydgrun and Ydgrunites." Speaking of the official religion of the Erewhonians, Butler writes:

> Now I suspected that their professed faith had no great hold upon them—firstly, because I often heard the priests complain of the prevailing indifference, and they would hardly have done so without reason; secondly, because of the show which was made, for there was none of this about the worship of the goddess Ydgrun, in whom they really did believe; thirdly, because though the priests were constantly abusing Ydgrun as being the great enemy of the gods, it was well known that she had no more devoted worshippers in the whole country than these very persons, who were often priests of Ydgrun rather than of their own deities. Neither am I by any means sure that these were not the best of the priests.

Here speaks the pragmatist, who is implicit in nearly every English philosopher, and who is apt, rather patronisingly, to test the value of any creed by its good effect upon others. Butler's attitude toward Grundyism is friendly on the whole. Nor is he really singular in this. He but speaks what is in the mind of any average Englishman, and his whole originality lies in his willingness to speak it

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freely and frankly and without any of the irritating assumption that it is necessary to keep up a high spiritual pretence. Yet this in itself is the kind of audacity looked on least favourably by Mrs. Grundy. "I greatly doubted," he goes on to say, "whether the Erehwonians were yet prepared for any better religion and . . . I could hardly contemplate the displacement of Ydgrun as the great central object of their regard without admitting that it would be attended with frightful consequences; in fact, were I a philosopher, I should say that the gradual raising of the popular conception of Ydgrun"—"enlightened public opinion"—how much we have this elevated form of Grundyism with us now!—"would be the greatest spiritual boom which could be conferred upon them, and that nothing could effect this except example. I generally found that those who complained most loudly that Ydgrun was not high enough for them had hardly as yet come up to the Ydgrun standard, and I often meet with a class of men, whom I called to myself, 'high Ydgrunites,' (the rest being Ydgrunites and low Ydgrunites), who, in the matter of human conduct and the affairs of life, appeared to me to have got about as far as it is in the right nature of man to go."

These "high Ydgrunites" "seldom spoke of Ydgrun, or even alluded to her, but would never run counter to her dictates without ample reason for doing so: in such cases they would override her with due self-reliance, and the goddess seldom punished them; for they are brave, and Ydgrun is not." Then follows an encomium of English gentlemen. Butler does not go on to define and distinguish the Ydgrunites and the low Ydgrunites, though it is tolerably clear how these are to be assorted. The former, doubtless, are those who, being born under the ægis of respectability, are bound to support what is for them a veritable *raison sociale*. They embrace Grundyism—to give it its right name—not necessarily as a personal faith, but as a state religion, the best possible guarantee of their position and power. The low Ydgrunites, on the other hand, are those who have not as yet arrived socially but who, anxious to arrive, find the surest way to success in the strict, almost methodistical, observance of all the decrees of the goddess of whom they stand in almost superstitious reverence and awe. For them it is a vital faith fraught with all the hopes of salvation and all the fears of damnation, in this world, if not in the next.

Perhaps still a fourth category should be added of those who, if they may be called Grundyites at all, are so only in the formal act of observance and adhesion. Members of the other three classes agree in regarding society as something good in itself and in accepting it at its face value. These, however, hold it in contempt. But, unable to forego the amusements they find there, or even taking a deliberate pleasure in leading a double life, they pay the outward deference, which is all that is required of her devotees by Mrs. Grundy, and which makes them free of all her frequentations. Very few men and women are of sufficient imagination or force of character to become Grundyites in this sense; hence most egoists and individualists either let themselves be drawn along by the mere conventional Grundyism until they gradually deteriorate into the mere mechanical commonplace of social routine, or else withdraw from the temple altogether, and descend to the ranks of the openly disreputable and dissolute. Of those rare individuals who ostentatiously give to Cæsar what is Cæsar's, laying their barleycorn upon the altar that they may be the more free to follow the devices of their own hearts, and also from some innate love of duplicity, M. Maurice Barrès gives an excellent example. For, although Mrs. Grundy is by no means a recognised French divinity, certain phases of her worship are observed there, and the best statement of this esoteric form of Grundyism has been made by the French writer who, in his youth, inclined to the delightful, self-indulgent, stoicism of Seneca.

Le secret merveilleux—le sérieux qui couvre et permet toutes les fantaisies—M. Barrès calls that power which sustains the false Grundyite in his difficult double rôle. He found it exemplified in the person of a debauched Italian prelate whom he met in a Roman salon. Everybody

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knew and talked of the scandals connected with his name, and the writer observed him with interest as he entered the room. Still young, yet sickly, strange-eyed, and with a general sense of a handsome beast of prey spoiled by the restraints of life imposed upon the open satisfaction of his violent appetites, the signs of the double life were strong upon him. "Surely," exclaims M. Barrès, "in this existence, there were all the movements of passion, the worst disorders, yes, but under the best ordered surface!" And he goes on to moralise: "To present to opinion such an image of one's self that it can, without sacrificing its habitual principles, maintain its consideration for us; to make it easy for the austere to be our dupes; that, I certified on the instant, was the science that he possessed, and that is indispensable for any one who wishes to make use of men."

Such is the veritable mystic way of Grundyism, and such is the rigorous self-discipline imposed upon themselves by its saints in their progress toward perfection.

William Aspenwall Bradley.

THE ABSURD SEX

The ladies who want to vote say this is a man made world. Well, perhaps it is. Nobody can deny that the male creature has had a good deal to do with modern civiiisation and all that. It seems to have been his fate to mess with such things, for lack of anything better to do. But as for the notion that he takes himself too seriously—what nonsense! If he undertakes to rule the earth, it is simply dertakes to rule the earth, it is simply because that strikes him as the least he can do to make up for his clumsiness in other and more important matters. He does discover in himself a knack at the childish game of politics. He is able to see to it that people do not plunder or murder each other without authority. And he plumes himself a little on his skill at boiling the pot. But that is all. Far from taking himself seriously, he has chosen, from time immemorial, to be his own chief butt and funmaker. Other arrangements might have been made. A kind Providence, in furnishing him with a companion, might have seen that he had a more convenient object of ridicule than himself. Nothing of the sort. He was doomed to take her seriously from the first moment:

> Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye. . . .

It never occurred to him to apply his masculine rule of thumb to so superior a being. He knew by instinct that she could not be submitted, physically or otherwise, to mere anthropometric tests:

> Wisdom in discourse with her
> Loses discountenanced, and like Folly shows;
> Authority and Reason on her wait.

And so it has always been. Man may be smilingly aware of the foibles of his helpmate, but his roars of laughter are for his own egregious figure. To save his life he cannot manage to look down on her or up to himself. The backward pursuit of the comic spirit discovers no age in which man did not play the part of buffoon on his own stage. As for his attitude toward the other sex, there are authorities which assert that the woman-worship of Christendom is nothing better than a toy invented by the troubadours. The theory would account well enough for certain existing forms of ritual; but that man awaited those forms before learning painfully to respect woman—you might as well suggest that woman did not learn to love her mate till the eighteenth century provided him with swallow-tails! Nor is it reasonable to suppose that the West merely conceals under these forms a contempt which the East makes no bones about. It is time we forgave the Orientals this Occidental slander. If a Hindu or a Turk cannot see his way to pretending that woman is a goddess, he can and does grasp the respectable and even awful fact of her—and goes duly in the fear of her, according to his lights. As for the Hebraic attitude toward the sex, when you have said all you can in disparagement of it, you have still the thirty-third of Proverbs to deal with. Even the satirists, the bitterest and most ruthless of them,—Juvenal or the mediæval friars, or Swift, or whom you will,—it is clear enough what ground they really stand on. With all their scornful negatives, they are only

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able to bear witness that woman is a substantial and considerable being. They do not succeed in making her contemptible, nor can any man born of woman ever do quite that.

Even in her simplest moments, we know she isn't to be disposed of with a horse-laugh. There is poor Clarissa Harlowe—simple enough, in all conscience, but what man can pretend to be altogether insensible to her charm. Pretty Sophia Western is a little fool if you like, but it is Mr. Thomas Jones who writes himself ass—that monosyllable without feminine equivalent. Even a Mistress Tabitha Bramble survives laughter in one's memory, not because it is proper to feign regard for her as a woman, but because she *is* a woman, and therefore, *in esse* worthy of regard. And the Mistress Tabithas know this instinctively. Normal woman is perfectly aware that she can afford to view herself with complacency as mirrored in the eyes of the other sex. This abundantly explains her attitude toward fashion in dress. Biologists have made ungallant play with the fact that, among animals and the lower human races, it is the male who is fancifully decked, while in civilised life, being the rarer bird and sure of a mate anyhow, he leaves it to the female to put on the trimmings. I don't think this theory holds water at all. It is clear enough that women do not pursue the extravagances of fashion in the hope of attracting men. They know such extravagances are at best an object of good-humoured toleration on the part of all healthy males. Of course, if man really despised woman for these follies, there would be an end of them in a jiffy. But he doesn't take the trouble to do that. Feminine fashion is a matter that does not concern him: it is out of his bailiwick altogether. If the dear lady chooses to arrange her bodily presence after the similitude of a section of drain-pipe surmounted by a coal-scuttle, the honest man is not outraged, but mildly diverted. Therefore she can afford to listen with the indifference of security to his casual gibes. Since she does not array herself for the purpose of charming him, what matter if he be not charmed? Let her be sure of his regard, and she does not care the snap of a finger for his opinion. Fashion in dress is merely a game played by women among themselves, for its own sake. Men, on the other hand, attire themselves in dull drabbish colours, and in garments of two or three inoffensive shapes, not in protective mimicry (as the cynic might infer), but in fear of forfeiting the respect of his womankind—so much less stable is the foothold of the male upon this shifting ball.

As for himself—as for keeping a straight face when he discovers himself in a glass—it is more than the poor fellow can manage. He perceives that, when you come down to it, he is nothing but a bungler. His chief merit is in making the best of a ridiculous situation. He dwells with joy upon the spectacle of his own domestic inefficiency and chuckleheadedness. He beamingly recognises the fact that he is a social nincompoop and barbarian. And he observes, with ill-concealed respect, that admirable fellow-creature which controls so easily and so unerringly the real machinery of life.

Think of the popular attitude (a man-made attitude) toward fatherhood and motherhood—there you have the whole thing in a nutshell. Did ever villain in melodrama dare take the name of mother in vain? Something of dignity clings to the word even as it is mauled and pawed over in the sentimental ditties of "vaudeville." On the other hand fatherhood has always been "featured" as a farcical situation rather than a function—theme of delicious jests since jests began. From the doddering and deceived Old Gobbos of old comedy to the ridiculous young Mr. Newlyweds of the current Comic Supplement, the father has always cut a ludicrous figure in the public eye. That same world which never wearies of worshipping the picture of the mother with her child, cannot laugh enough at the image of a father holding a baby. We do not see how the melancholy Jaques can have meant to leave this image out of his famous gallery of male caricatures. Only one feminine figure appears in it: can it be that "father's" should be read for "nurse's" in that not least famous line of the travesty?

H. W. Boynton.

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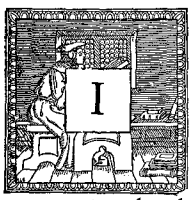
SOME ART SCHOOLS AND ART STUDENTS

BY DOROTHY FURNISS



IT has been the writer's good fortune to attend an art school immortalised by the pen of Thackeray, and another where Sargent gave instructions to the students. The former art school is said to be the oldest in London and boasts of a long roll-call of well-known men and women. When Thackeray studied there it was known as Leigh's Academy. A description of it will be found in the first volume of *The Newcomes*. There is a tradition among the students that Thackeray being refused as an illustrator of Dickens showed his generosity of mind by asking his successful rival, Buss, and a few other kindred spirits to an impromptu meal "to celebrate the momentous occasion" at the little inn round the corner. Leigh's probably had no memento other than this charming and characteristic anecdote of the great writer.

Fred Walker studied at Leigh's, a tiny pale-faced little boy in a short jacket and round collar, a precocious youth even for those days, when Millais passed his Royal Academy examinations before he was twelve years old! Charles Keene, another "master" of black and white, and Kate Greenaway of nursery fame are a few of the names recalled at this moment.

Fred Barnard, the celebrated delineator of cockney life, perpetrated a delicious skit on his fellow-students consisting of an alphabet written in doggerel verse and illustrated with graphic caricatures.

Leigh's Academy shifted its quarters several times, and on the last occasion but one the students caused some agitation by carrying the smaller plaster casts through the streets. Imagine the embarrassment of the early Victorian ladies as the little procession wended its way from one side of Oxford Street to the other.

Sir William Richmond, who decorated St. Paul's Cathedral, spent some of his youthful days at Leigh's, and a few years ago a petition was drawn up protesting against some movement or work of Sir William's, and being presented to the school for the signature and support of the students, was refused on the grounds "that Leigh's signed no protests against the work of a former student." Leigh's prided itself on being able to supply the needs of advanced students as well as be-beginners. It boasted of an extensive wardrobe, over two hundred costumes containing valuable mediæval, Stuart, and Georgian properties, and one or two fine tapestries. Many a time the writer has seen a portrait being painted, the victim posed on one side of the antique room with the artist hard by and an embarrassing crowd of students gathered around. On one occasion a testy old colonel found himself in a queer predicament. He arrived fully attired in gorgeous regimentals, hat, gloves, and medals all complete. The artist posed the soldier on a platform and commenced his work. Suddenly he stopped, recollected something and fled away with a hurried, "Don't move! I won't be half a second," leaving a petrified colonel glued to his chair. At this moment a number of students drifted in from the "life room" and discovered, as they thought, "Jones's new model."

"Queer old bird Jones has dug out," said one student.

"Not such a bad uniform if it weren't so ill-fitting," said another.

"His sloping forehead suits the military type," said a third.

They criticised his hat, his gloves, and his sword, the colonel getting more apoplectic every second. At last a student remarked, "that he guessed Jones had bought the medals in Ludgate Circus," which brought the enraged colonel to his feet, and wildly spluttering furious exclamations, he swung himself into the centre of the astonished students,—in a whirl of "unwarrantable insolence!" and

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"confounded puppies!" left the school, alas! for the poor artist, never to return.

Leigh's attracted a cosmopolitan studentship. There were many Americans, both men and girls; there were Germans and Italians, Scandinavians and Poles, Australians and Swiss; there was an ex-minister of state who arrived every day on an official-looking red-enamelled bicycle, and a "lunatic" doctor of great repute who showed little intelligence by drawing ancient Greek goddesses in a book two inches square. There were a number of quaint old ladies; one spent the greater part of her time wiping away hysterical tears with her paint rag, and lamentable results; and another curiously testified her dislike of "messy paints" by working in white kid gloves.

There was "old Chuffey," a superannuated clerk dressed in shiny broadcloth, who was realising the dream of his life by copying execrable German prints in tremulous water-colours; having spent sixty odd years at a desk he insisted on his easel being placed in a correspondingly oblique angle, with the result of tripping up every passerby. The consequence was that the entire class occupied themselves in picking up "old Chuffey's" easel, "old Chuffey's" paints, and "old Chuffey's" prints, until "old Chuffey" himself was mercifully plucked away.

Are art students appreciated in America? Personally I found strangers generally encouraging. "Stick to it, and you'll get right there," said an old gentleman as the writer stood sketching in the

SKETCHING IN SURREY

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National Gallery of Washington. "Don't give it up," was another's somewhat dubious comment. On the other hand, she was studying an intricate doorway in a little Southern English town, which attracts many transatlantic tourists and is haunted by countless artists, and a little regimen of Americans swept round the corner. They had seen five artists in as many yards and their patience was exhausted. Never to be forgotten was their icy glare, and an exceedingly pretty girl exclaimed in withering tones, "Guess *she's* only doing it for e-ffect."

Sketching on the continent is looked upon as a national and not altogether unpleasing characteristic of the English nation. Little boys certainly press round rather closely, but one generally manages to disperse them by turning round and sketching their faces. This ruse, however, is of little use in Bronx Park, New York City. "Gee! she's sketching you, Charles G. Jefferson. Mind you keep still. Put in his ugly jaw, ma'am, and don't forget the G. when you write his name."

During the writer's brief time in the Royal Academy Schools, the most popular Academician among the stu-

SKETCHING IN THE BRONX

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dents was the great Sargent. It is the rule of the Academicians to teach the strung to one side of a long corridor, and tion, a questionable method, as every artist invariably advances different methods and ideas. But imagine the flutter among the students when Sargent's month arrived! It was not so much the dazzling light of the celebrity that won the students' hearts as the infinite patience with which he laboured to explain his ideals to the students. Despite the fluency of his brush, perhaps because of it, Sargent seemed to experience the greatest difficulty in clothing his ideas in words, but once he took the brush in hand, lo, and behold there was the meaning before you. The class-rooms are strung to one side of a long corridor, and on the day Sargent's month expired, his progress could be traced by the cheers of the students as he quitted the various class-rooms.

Alfred Gilbert, our most famous sculptor, and probably best known to American visitors by his delicately poised statue in Piccadilly Circus, has an astonishingly ready flow of language. He will hold forth on the abstract qualities of art and its relation to music for hours; at the Royal Academy lectures he will take up a piece of chalk in either hand while discoursing in the most picturesque language and draw an exquisite design with both hands at the same moment. Like the great master of still life, William M. Chase, Alfred Gilbert revels in an artistic audience.

"*She* thinks that is a Whistler," remarked a sneering tourist as he passed a student copying at the Metropolitan Art School in New York. Evidently an art student must stand up to a certain amount of chaff on both sides of the Atlantic. The writer met Solomon J. Solomon, the Royal Academician, in the corridor of the schools one day.

"Hullo," he said, "what are you doing here?"

"Copying one of Rubens's paintings," was the diffident reply.

"Come along, and let's have a look at it," he said in all genial friendliness, and in spite of protestations, he swept into the class-room and up to the easel. He stood for a long time in complete absorption, his keen eyes travelling from Rubens' to the canvas, and back again, then he heaved a big sigh and said:

"O poor, *poor* Rubens!"

THE OLD LADY WHO WORKS IN WHITE KID GLOVES

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THE SOCIAL STRUCTURE AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

QUESTION that you may often hear discussed by professional manuscript readers is, why the quality of English novels, even of the second and third class averages so much higher than the corresponding type written by Americans,—higher, that is to say, in the mechanics of its structure, the carefulness of its style, the avoidance of those glaring faults that show at a casual glance that for the purposes of publication the manuscript is frankly impossible. One reader in particular said, not long ago, that he had a grudge against English manuscripts because of the amount of time they made him waste, that even when he knew at the start that he was going to reject a story, its interest often held him so that he read to a finish.

Now, there is a good deal of unfairness about this assumption of British superiority. To begin with, American publishers and editors receive only the better grades from the other side, after the chaff has been carefully winnowed out. In the great majority of cases the books offered to the American market have already found a publisher at home; and because the business dealings are necessarily at long distance, a far larger percentage of them go through the hands of agents familiar with the special needs of certain magazines and certain houses. The question narrows down very largely to a difference of popular taste between the American and English reading public,—and in nine cases out of ten, the trouble with an otherwise well written and readable book is that it is just a little too British in its theme and handling, too local in colour to be interesting, or indeed wholly intelligible to a reader not well versed in the social, political and business world of the British Isles.

Nevertheless, in the long run, a veteran reader comes to realise that there is something more than a grain of truth in the claim of better workmanship of novels "made in England." It may be that the weeding-out process is carried on with a little more brutal candour, that the preliminary apprenticeship is harsher, that the hopelessness of slovenly and untrained work is more forcibly driven home. At all events, whatever the cause, the net result is that, other things being equal, the English book, while less inspired, less original than the American, is a little better in structure, in style and in the impression it conveys of a certain definite social atmosphere.

There is, of course, a certain danger of kindling resentment, and arousing a patriotic championship of our native writers by a discussion of this sort. Some one is sure to exclaim, "Why, what nonsense! Doesn't Mr. Howells or Mr. James write as correct English as Mr. Kipling or Mr. Galsworthy? Aren't the plots of Meredith Nicholson as cleverly worked out as those of Max Pemberton or Phillips Oppenheim?,—and the comparisons, well founded or otherwise, may run on, floodlike, until the speaker is out of breath. But all this is quite beside the real issue. The question is not whether among the authors who have, in their several classes admittedly "arrived," the advantage is with us or with our English cousins, but which of the two has the advantage among the crowd of beginners, the novices who are still, so to speak, on the waiting list. And here, it is respectfully submitted, the English do have slightly the best of it.

This brings us to the point which it is the purpose of the present paper to make: that the English writer of fiction starts with one advantage which is not of his own making, because it is not a matter of training or practice or literary school, but simply of existing social conditions. A much larger part of the daily life of the English man or woman is ordained and

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controlled by convention and established custom. The types of the different social strata are more crystallised; the things that people don't say and do on certain occasions and in certain circles are more rigidly proscribed. In short, without forcing the comparison unduly, the difference between the English and American novel of manners is the difference between filling in the shading, the finer lines of a drawing, where the general design has been roughly blocked in for you, and drawing an independent picture on a blank page.

The natural result is, that this difference tends to produce finer pencil strokes, a keener delight in subtle differentiations of character. For instance, in an American family of modest means, the cook or maid or "general house-work" may be anything, from a Scandinavian to a Porto Rican mulatto; she may show any degree of inefficiency, and her mere casual entrance into a room, in the performance of the most trivial service, may inject into the story an unintentional touch of caricature, an element of the grotesque, that breaks the continuity, like a splash of violent colour in a monochrome. An English novelist has no such difficulty to face. Given an English household of a certain defined class, a certain income, in a stated neighbourhood, and the type of the servant or servants follows as a matter of course; the one difficulty is to make them something more than types, to give them certain deft little touches that will leave the stamp of individuality, and change the stolid butler of convention into something more human than an automaton.

This line of thought was suggested this month by a group of English novels which fall quite distinctly under the sub-division, "the Novel of Manners," and all of which have to a high degree that sense of a rigid and ubiquitous social structure, that atmosphere of a world in which nine-tenths of daily life is comfortably prescribed in advance. Easily the best of these books is *The Golightlys, Father and Son,* by Laurence North,—a title that sounds as though it heralded a burlesque, but suddenly, at the turn of the last page, reveals an unsuspected and momentous double meaning. Briefly stated, it is the life chronicle of a middle-class Englishman of limited culture, but endowed with a phenomenal ability to discover what the public wants. And the particular commodity that he undertakes to supply is sensational fiction.

"The Golightlys, Father and Son"

> See, here's an errand boy, with a ha'penny in his pocket. . . . Give 'im a paper 'e'll like, and his ha'penny is yours. See! Then next day or the day after 'e'll 'ave another ha'penny. Shove another paper under 'is nose. Balance in favour of you, penny less ex'es, of course, but that's the 'ole thing in a nutshell. Think o' the thousands of errand-boys in the country.

Thus the "Wholesome Tales of Wild Adventure" have their inception, and prove to be such a prodigious, undreamed of success that they are soon followed by another series of "Healthy Tales For Young Ladies," "Golightly's Scrap-Book," and finally, biggest venture of all, a flamboyant yellow journal, the *Beacon.* Golightly is launched on a wave of prosperity that carries him steadily upward; he marries one of his faithful and overworked contributors, a woman of social pretentions and a sentimental nature that had enabled her to turn out endlessly, tales of dukes and duchesses that were the delight of the servant's hall. Under her skilful tutelage, Golightly loses some of his native vulgarity, although he obviously will never acquire even a veneer of refinement. He is, however, a man of clean life, and but for one brief irregularity before his marriage, has nothing with which to reproach himself. And this irregularity was smoothed over with the help of his solicitor. "Fix it so that I shall never hear of the child again," were his instructions, and the solicitor obeyed them to the best of his ability. One irregularity and one blunder of judgment are not many in the course of a long and busy life; but they sufficed for the undoing of the carefully laid plans of Golightly, and brought the towering structure of his publishing business tumbling in a mighty crash about his ears. His blunder was this: When he launched on his biggest venture, and bought the ownership of the *Beacon,* his first step in converting it from the inconsequent

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sheet it had previously been into something that was to startle all London, was not unnaturally to make a clean sweep of the old staff. But he ought to have discriminated. Among this group of journalists who suddenly found themselves thrown out of a "job," there were two men of so exceptional ability that Golightly should have exercised more care before antagonising them. One of the two was Dorian Stepney, an Oxford man, well dressed, good mannered, a man of birth and breeding. Instead of outwardly resenting his discharge, Stepney takes a subtler revenge. By a daring stroke, he induces Golightly not only to take him back, but to make him editor of the *Beacon;* he proves himself second only to Golightly himself for scenting what the public want; he sends the circulation bounding up to fabulous figures, induces Golightly to make him one of the directors in the Company. Incidentally, he quietly buys in the company's stock, until his holdings are second only to Golightly's own, and with equal secrecy appropriates Golightly's wife. The second man whom Golightly should not have antagonised was a certain Hay, James Alexander Hay, an impecunious young man who made the colossal mistake of thinking the precarious pay of a journalist a safe margin on which to marry. His loss of position and the poverty that ensued, coming at a critical time, cost his wife her life and left him implacably bent on vengeance. Being endowed with something of Golightly's own genius, he forms the daring project of beating him at his own game, so he seeks out certain capitalists whom the *Beacon* has been remorselessly hounding, persuades them to back him, and forthwith establishes the *Torch.* Golightly is not as young as he was, and he has had his troubles: his wife does not seem to give him her old affection, though he does not guess the reason; his son, Osric, for whom he has slaved and on whom he has counted to carry the house of Golightly up to social heights that he himself can never scale, has turned out to be a milk-sop, a dilettante, a spendthrift, has got himself banished in disgrace from Oxford, and ended by marrying a girl with no money and no position. What is more, Golightly has for years been too fond of the good things of life; the sparkle of champagne is his undoing and paves the way to apoplexy. The final overthrow of his life's work, when the directors all betray him, and in the face of his bitter opposition, vote to accept the offer of consolidation with the *Torch,* the paper run by his hated young rival, James Alexander Hay, deals his death blow. He lingers on, moribund, for some weeks; and his last thought in life is a troubled memory, a twinge of conscience: he sends for his solicitor and broaches the long forbidden subject; he asks what became of the boy of whom he had wished never again to hear,—is he living and under what name is he known?

"Now, Serrett, out with it. I never knew you to forget a name. It will be a kindness to a dying man; for that old fancy torments me."

"I beg you, Mr. Golightly—" said Serrett.

"Out with it. It's to ease my mind."

Either way was hopeless.

"His name," said Mr. Serrett, "is James Alexander Hay."

"God Almighty!" Golightly gasped, and fell back.

"The Squire's Daughter"

The Squire's Daughter, by Archibald Marshall, deals, in a way, with conditions of English country life that call to mind rather vividly *The Country House,* by Mr. Galsworthy. The despotic rule of the squire, the things that his wife and daughters must not do, the dead level of monotony, the dull, colourless lives passed by the women of the family, excluded from the hunting and shooting—all this is pictured by Mr. Marshall in a quiet, sane manner that carries conviction. It enables us to understand how it happens that Cicely, the Squire's daughter, who has never in her life had more than a single taste of the whirl and glitter of social London, should finally commit the mad, reckless, ruinous step that very nearly wrecks two lives. It happens that there is a certain man, Jim Graham by name, who has loved Cicely with a single-hearted devotion for five years. At the outset she was still too young for her parents to approve; and since then, being

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a slow, deliberate person of the kind that takes things for granted, he has bided his time, attending to his interests in various parts of the world, waiting until his fortunes have mended and all the while feeling quite sure of Cicely's unchanged affection. One day, while passing through the Bay of Biscay, he makes the mistake, in a moment of unwonted loneliness, of taking a casual travelling companion into his confidence and telling him about Cicely and his long-delayed courtship. Now this recipient of his confidence, Mackenzie by name, is a man lacking in all the finer perceptions. He has passed his life in a hand-to-hand grapple with fate; he has found that the way to get what you want in this world is to take it, if you happen to be the stronger, and not to allow little matters like honour and friendship stand in the way. So, when in the course of events, he meets Cicely, before slow-moving Graham has found a chance to offer himself, Mackenzie takes the girl by storm, dominates her by his rugged self-assurance, hypnotises her into an oblivion of his ill-breeding and a passive obedience to his command. Although conscious that she is not in love with him, that on the contrary she is actually afraid of him, the girl nevertheless agrees, when she has known him for barely twenty-four hours, to leave home, join him in London, be secretly married, and accompany him to whatever out-of-the-way corner of the world his roving disposition may lead him. It is in a London lodging house, before there has been time to have the ceremony performed, that Cicely's brother and Graham track her down; and in the contest of wills which follows, the thing which defeats Mackenzie and destroys his influence is not the brother's indignation nor his reminder of her mother's grief; it is, first of all, her realisation of the gulf between the two men who love her, the tenderness of the one, the boorish roughness of the other; and more important than this, the discovery that Jim, through all the years, has remained loyal, has wanted her, and in spite of her folly wants her still. All this makes a strong appealing love story; yet to the reader who takes fiction at all seriously, there is an even keener interest in the home atmosphere of the book, its presentment of customs and of prejudices,—above all, the anxiety felt on the part of every member of the Squire's family to hush this unfortunate episode carefully up, to go to all sorts of ingenious devices and evasions to prevent even a faint inkling from reaching the Squire's ears. For if there should, it is made very plain that nothing less than a domestic cyclone would be let loose.

"The Good Girl"

It is seldom that a reviewer has the good fortune to run across a piece of work by a practically new writer which has the sterling qualities of deep understanding that are shown in *The Good Girl,* by Vincent O'Sullivan. At the same time it must be admitted that the specific story in this book is distinctly repellent and morally unclean. It deals with the sudden infatuation which overtakes a certain young Englishman, Vendred by name, for an unknown woman whom he casually happens to hear sing one night at a concert. In his attempts to establish the lady's identity and to make her acquaintance, fate is kind to him. She proves to be the wife of one Captain Dover, a person of questionable morality and dubious methods of livelihood. The description of Vendred's first experience in the Dover household, the gloomy, tawdry, uncared-for-look of the whole place, the impression of an abode where bills are not paid, where new and incompetent servants appear and disappear with the succeeding weeks, and where a motley crowd of various social eccentrics, long-haired poets, rabid socialists, all the various types of reformers and revolutionists, congregate nightly,—all this is touched off with an absolute assurance of line and colour that bespeaks a mature power. There is also one other feature which deserves a special word of praise. It is common enough to find infatuations of this sort depicted in novels; and it is the rule rather than the exception, for the author to go to considerable pains to assure us that the woman is beautiful. But it is very rare to find a book in which the heroine is not merely described, but is set before us so that we too feel the charm of her physical allurement; so that

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we can actually see the slow, languid grace of her movements and hear the compelling echo of her low, clear compelling voice. And this is precisely what Mr. O'Sullivan has succeeded in doing. We find it almost as difficult as Vendred did to believe that Mrs. Dover had any share or knowledge in the schemes by which her husband won a precarious existence. As for him, there isn't a shadow of a doubt, from the start, that he is a smooth-tongued, utterly unscrupulous trickster, that he would stop neither at blackmail nor theft nor cheating at cards, and that what makes him most dangerous of all to himself and others, is his blind confidence in his own luck, his delight in taking prodigious risks and his life-long failure to make any of his financial schemes pay. From the moment that he discovers that his wife's new-found friend is a man of substantial property, Captain Dover fastens himself and family upon him like a human leech. Vendred is not deceived; he is simply too deeply in love to care. His money flows like water; it is he who settles the bills, pays the servants, buys Mrs. Dover a motor-car, which her husband promptly appropriates for his own use,—and for all this and a thousand favours of the same sort, he receives as his reward the privilege of occasionally feasting his avid eyes upon her face, listening to the music of her sweet, low voice, taking her to some restaurant and the theatre afterwards, and perhaps imprinting a discreet kiss upon her rather large, and shapely hand as he bids her good-night at her door. In this way the months drift by with Vendred alternately in heaven and in hell, miserable when away from her, tortured with jealousy when with her because of her easy friendliness with other men who, like himself, have been useful to her husband in the past, or are likely to be useful in the future. Now during these months there are frequent occasions when Vendred, calling, finds his divinity not at home, and whiles away the tedium of waiting by making friends with Louise, the Captain's half-grown daughter by a previous marriage. Louise is something of a hoyden, slangy, out-spoken, but a good, honest little soul, hating sham and subterfuge. Quite innocently she plays into her father's hands by falling in love with Vendred; and one luckless day, when an indiscretion has placed him and Mrs. Dover in an utterly false light, and gives the Captain just the hold he needed, Vendred, almost before he realises what is happening, finds himself encumbered with a child wife whom he is ashamed to introduce to his friends. From this moment the bleeding of Vendred goes forward at inhuman rate. With the knowledge that if only for the sake of his family name Vendred will be bound to come to the rescue, the Captain commits unimaginable follies. Again and again he is found out and arrested for fraud, for embezzlement, for forgery; and each time Vendred makes his sacrifice, lops off some new part of his estates, pays damages and hush money, running to thousands of pounds,—and all this he does without a serious protest. And the reason for this is that he is temporarily drugged by his own emotions, because since his marriage with Louise, Mrs. Dover has been more prodigal with her rewards and favours than in the past. Such a situation can drift nowhere else than into tragedy, and the end of the book is rather grim and rather grey, and leaves a feeling that although fate is sometimes slow in setting things even, it gives full measure at the last. But, unpleasant as the book is, it leaves an insistent memory of a woman utterly unmoral, utterly sensuous, yet possessed of an abiding charm.

"The Sign"

The Sign, by Mrs. Romilly Fedden, deals in a measure, with the Bohemian world of artists, but in every other respect is a diametrical contrast to the book we have just been considering. The stage setting is the small isolated Breton village of Le Kloar, the main theme is the vision, the hallucination, the conviction,—call it which you will,—of a young peasant girl that she is ordained to sacrifice herself as an atonement for the wickedness and infidelity of her neighbours. But the book is a great deal more than this; it is an interesting and observant study of the manners and customs of modern Brittany; it is saturated with quaint superstitions and picturesque folk-lore;

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and through it all, like the recurrent *leitmotiv* of a Wagnerian opera, we are made to hear, now growing louder as it draws near, and again dying away in the distance, the shuffling, halting tread of the Beggars, the maimed, the halt, and the blind, passing piously to and fro down Breton byways, happy for all their poverty, in their retention of the Faith. All this we are shown with delicate artistry, through the eyes of three English painters, who put in an industrious summer at Le Kloar, housed comfortably in the hospitable inn of the Croix d'Or, under the kindly ministrations of its big-hearted proprietress, Madame Tallak. These three artists Walden, Gower, and Sturd, are admirably contrasted; if we do not press the comparison too far, they may be said to represent in themselves and in their art, the flesh, the mind, and the spirit. Walden paints when the impulse moves him; he paints under the spur of a new fancy for a pretty face or a graceful form; and when the novelty wears off he waits until some fresh beauty casts her spell over him. Gower paints by rule, as though art were a matter of mathematics, so many hours in the day, so many days in the month, so many square feet of canvas to the year,—careful, accurate canvases, inoffensive, uninspired, academic. Sturd is slow in getting a start, he is one of those who feel their responsibility; he suffers from the misery and the injustice of society; he would like to paint pictures that would be a revelation, pictures that would awaken the conscience and lead to a regeneration. To trace the specific influence which each of these men in turn exerts upon the simple-minded peasantry of Le Kloar, would simply be to rewrite the book,—and to rewrite it far less effectively. There is sin and there is sorrow in its pages; but there is also much beauty and much poetry. It leaves an abiding impression that so long as there is a corner in the world where the spirit of faith and of sacrifice lingers so strongly, there is hope for better things for humanity. And, more unforgettable than all the rest, is the broken rhythm of the march of the Breton Beggars, reminding us that we are "beggars all for happiness—yet heirs of life."

"A Man in the Open"

With *A Man in the Open*, by Roger Pocock, it seems advisable to apply an unusual form of critical treatment. Here is a book which the present reviewer approached reluctantly, in a moment of jaded weariness; and before half a dozen pages had been read the weariness was all forgotten, and for the time being life contained just one important motive, and that was to read straight ahead. That is why it seems that the best service that can be done to this very exceptional book is to try to awaken a contagious interest out of these same opening pages. You open at Chapter One and you read:

Dictated by Mr. Jesse Smith.

Don't you write anything down yet, 'cause I ain't ready.

If I wrote this yarn myself, I'd make it good and red from tip to tip, claws out, teeth bare, fur crawling with emotions. It wouldn't be dull, no, or evidence.

But then it's to please you, and that's what I'm for.

What sort of a tale this would have been if Mr. Jesse Smith had been allowed to write his part of it himself, it is rather hard to imagine; because, just as it stands, it is red enough, with teeth bare enough, in all conscience, to suit most healthy tastes. And it isn't always "evidence," either, if by that he means a tale the details of which he is willing to vouch for under oath. The setting of this story is up in the Hudson Bay region, and the narrator's childhood was passed in a home improvised "from an over-turned schooner, turfed in, and father was surely proud of having a bigger place than any other on the coast. There was the hold overhead for stowing away winter fish, and room down-stairs, for the family, a team of seven husky dogs, and even a cord or two of firewood. We kids used to play at Newf'n-landers up in the hold, when the winter storms were tearing the tops off the hills, and the Eskimo devil howled blue shrieks outside. The huskies make wolf songs all about the fewness of fish, and we'd hear mother give father a piece of her mind. That's about the first I remember, but all what mother thought

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about poor father took years and years to say. . . . Father's always in the wrong, and chews black plug baccy to keep his mouth from defending his errors. 'B'y,' he said once, when mother went out to say a few words to the huskies, 'I'd a kettle once as couldn't let out steam—went off and broke my arm. If yore mother ever gets silent, run, b'y, run!'"

There were six children at the start in this unsanitary upside-down abode; but one by one they fell victims to consumption, "and mother would get gaunt and dry rocking herself: 'The Lord gave,' she'd say, 'and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'" It is his father's rather tardy self-assertion that saves the narrator. "There was only Pete and me left, and father wagging his pipe acrost the stove at mother. 'They'll die, ma'm,' I heard him say, and she just sniffed. 'If I hadn't taken 'em outdoors they'ed be dead now, ma'm.'" He takes Jesse with him on his next trip for furs, "hitched up the huskies, and mushed, way up the tickle, and through the soft bush snow, and at sunup made his winter tilt on Torngak Creek." When they came again, "mother was alone. 'The Lord gave,' she says, 'and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord, but it's getting kind of monotonous.'"

The scene shifts through a few years, and Jesse is a boy of ten. The three are living in the snow-covered desolation of the fur region; and one day, when the father has gone out to inspect his traps, the huskies come home alone, dragging an empty sled. To quote, would take too much space; to retell briefly the experiences of that ten-year-old boy, tracking his father through the snow, finding a dead hand projecting stiffly above the surface, heroically endeavouring to struggle against nameless dread and physical nausea and dig the snow away, and then suddenly, becoming aware of the presence of a huge white wolf, ominously biding his time, would be simply to spoil a piece of work far too good, far too rare, to be taken at second hand. And this is merely a peep into the outside lobby; the "real show" is all yet to come.

The Tom-Boy, by A. T. Quiller-Couch, is, by contrast, a book of pleasant trifling, containing a series of slenderly related tales, describing the adventures of a rather conventional young man, whose mild attentions to one or more young women are awkwardly broken in upon by an irrepressible, fun-loving, wholesome young hoyden. On one occasion she is responsible for the upsetting of a row-boat, thus giving him and his fair companion a summary and dispiritng bath; on another she induces, not only him and his companion, but various other persons of assorted ages, to catch the youthful contagion of her enjoyment in sliding down a steep and curving stretch of frozen path, omitting to warn them of the slushy pond awaiting them around the corner, and the necessity of "rolling off into the snow" before reaching the finish. The Tom-Boy herself does not figure in all the stories, but they are all of the same relative frothy unimportance.

"The Tom-Boy"

The Principal Girl represents Mr. J. C. Snaith in one of his blythest, most irresponsible moments. He is always doing the unexpected, never by any chance repeating himself, or producing a book of which you can even say, This is a companion volume to *Broke of Covenden,* a second *Araminta,* another *Fortune.* He seems to have an inexhaustible fund of new plots, new styles, new and whimsical devices that are clamouring for a chance to express themselves. Of all his books, if comparison must be made, *Araminta* bears closest resemblance to the dominant tone of the new volume, a tone of light-hearted satire, free from guile and malice. The setting is London of to-day, the chief characters are the pompous Mr. Shelmerdine, of Potterhanworth, called by his wife, to his great annoyance, Wally; his son, Philip, who is expected to marry "Dear Adela,"—Lady Adela Rocklaw, daughter of Lord Warlock, and owner of a "pure-bred, rough-coated Himalayan Dust Spaniel; and last but not least, Mary Casper, the Principal Girl in a Christmas pantomime, and granddaughter of Mrs. Cathcart,

"The Principal Girl"

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who had "once played Lady Macbeth to John Peter Kendall." If Philip had not promised to take a number of children,—for children were a hobby with him,—to the pantomime, he would not have had to break a luncheon engagement with the Lady Adela, and probably would never have laid eyes on Mary Casper. But there must be something in predestination after all, for he did go to the pantomime, he did meet Mary Casper, he did pluck up courage to defy the rather forbidding grandmother, friend of John Peter Kendall,—who was not really forbidding at all, when you came to know her, but just a clever, match-making old dear, behind her Lady Macbeth manner. And when we take leave of Mary and Philip, we have the comfortable assurance that, however much Mr. Shelmerdine, called "Wally," may fume, and his wife lament at the lost opportunity of an alliance with the daughter of Lord Warlock, not forgetting the pure-bred rough-coated Himalayan Dust Spaniel, the audacious young man and his Principal Girl are destined to be as happy as though life were one long, uninterrupted performance of a Christmas pantomime.

I. The Making of Western Europe.*

II. Social France at the Time of Philip Augustus.†

We Americans love to deal in the superlative. Any discussion of it is sure to engage our attention. The Roman Empire was undoubtedly the biggest thing on earth while it lasted; and it lasted long enough in vigorous life to give everybody a good look at it. Indeed, in one shape or another it dragged on a sort of an existence for nearly two thousand years. Like Charles the Second, it was "an unconscionable time a-dying." It transcended the life period of any human organisation. Therefore a new book about it finds us with a prejudice in its favour, in this country at least. And this in spite of the fact that there are many books on the same subject and the number grows. The boldness of an author who rushes in where the immortal Gibbon trod also awakens our admiration.

Mr. Fletcher's valiant attempt to trace the fortunes of *Roma Eterna*, as a world power, to indicate the birthdays of the national children of that empire, and to lead us to view the struggles and vicissitudes of their early years, is worth our respectful attention and does indeed compel our admiration. His book is distinctly worth while. He has said, as it were, to the Dark Ages, *"Feat Lux,"* and the light has shined on the printed pages. His study of the most complex, confused, incoherent, inchoate period of history is clear and illuminating. He has untangled the tangled threads so far

*The Making of Western Europe. The Dark Ages. By C. R. L. Fletcher. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

†Social France at the Time of Philip Augustus. By Achille Luchain. Translated by E. B. Krehbiel, Ph.D. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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as any one can untangle them, and in brief yet conprehensive compass presents his conclusions to the reader.

And the book is not only clear, complete and satisfying, but it is interesting as well. The style of the writer is most pleasing, sometimes it verges on the colloquial—in that respect reminding one not a little of Fiske,—and not infrequently are the serious pages enlivened with touches of genuine humour. It is hard to imagine any one being humourous at the expense of the Roman Empire! It has probably never before been done, unless by the immortal Wegg, but Mr. Fletcher has not hesitated on that account, and he has not sacrificed dignity or seriousness to his pleasant humour, on the contrary.

Reading these pages we do not wonder that the great Empire fell, and that black darkness followed its fall. Ethically, economically, socially, and one can add morally, it could look to no other end. Not even the vigour and pious devotion of an early church, whose career is most ably set forth, could save it.

The most illuminating comment ever passed upon Napoleon was, perhaps, Lord Rosebery's remark (in substance) that the human frame was not calculated for omnipotence and the same remark could be applied to Rome. No human organisation is calculated for world-wide dominion, and Rome's doom sentence was written, like Alexander's, when there were no more worlds to conquer—after that came tears! The wonder is not that it finally fell when it did, but that it lived so long; and that it could in any way give birth to such lusty children as its first born France and Germany, whose origin and early history are succinctly and clearly set forth. Two maps accompany the text, there should have been at least a score. And it would have helped the reader if another chapter could have been devoted to the Eastern Empire before bidding it good-bye.

The title of the book indicates a series of which this is the first volume. The reader having finished this preliminary study, will await eagerly the concluding books. A very charming and human chronicler, this.

Quite different in scope and character is the other volume the unerring prescience of the Editor has coupled with this one. Fletcher's book deals with history in a large way. He chronicles reigns and rulers, the course of events, the development of religion, the rise and fall of nations; individuals are subordinate to masses, a thousand years of one era are comprehended in a single volume. Luchain has another plan. He fixes his attention upon a single period, for a date let us say 1200 A. D., or two hundred years after the end of the Caroling Empire and the beginning of Capetian France where Fletcher left us.

Philip Augustus is reigning in France. Gaul has grown in size, in importance and in organic coherency in that two hundred year period. The centuries have been full of progress, and we are given a long look at that state of being at which that section of the world has arrived. That was perhaps the most romantic period in history. Philip himself had one of the most dramatic of human careers, quite worthy to be placed by that of Richard the Lion-hearted or Frederic Barbarossa, or any of the other mail clad heroes. But Luchain has nothing, or but little to do with these worthies. The people in their various grades, society as it was organised, the functions of orders of various sorts; how men lived and moved and had their being in their relations one with another now engage the attention. It is humanity as individual not as mass that Luchain sets before us. How men, poor wretched, common men, not kings, nobles or prelates lived, he shows us.

Were it not for the vastness of Fletcher's attempt one might argue that Luchain's ambition were the higher. But comparisons are indeed odorous. It is harder, probably, to discover and disclose the common lot of man at any given time, than to treat of his progress through the centuries. For one thing the ancient chroniclers are much more interested in re-telling the large story of the past, or in fixing attention upon the great events of the present, and the great men, than in setting forth the common daily life of the men and women about them. Everybody, the chronicler might argue, knows the life of his time, he lives

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it and generally finds it deadly uninteresting. Why discuss it? The colour of a surcoat on the breast of a king, the wiles and witchery of a leman, the detail of a miracle, the story of a great battle—these are worth while. But the digger and delver, who cares for him? The children of Gibeon are not popular save for indefatigable genuises like Luchain. But, wonder of wonders, he makes them popular and interesting beyond expression.

He has pictured the daily life and conversation of the whole people; the poorest of the poor, the wretched peasantry, the villagers, the burghers, the minor clergy, the abbots and Bishops, the nobles, the feudal system, the Church. All these are set forth with amazing fidelity and great amplitude of detail. Yet there is restraint rather than exaggeration in his pages, some customs there are to which little or no reference is made. Bad as things appear in some instances, conditions were worse, if such a thing be possible, than are set forth.

The book is invaluable. For one thing whatever may be your present station, it makes you devoutly thankful that you were not born in the age of Philip Augustus, or any other age but your own. The thanks of all lovers of good books, of all students of history, of all sociologists, of all men interested in the development of the human race from the incredibly miserable conditions into which it fell, are due to the author, and particularly to Mr. Krehbeil, the translator, alike for his design to give the book to the English speaking world, and for the way in which he has done it. The book is a joy to read and as interesting as a story, a good story that is, indeed, the pages are full of wit, humour, pathos, tragedy—as full of these things as lives were in that terribly tragic age, still dark, alas, in 1200 A. D., and not to be light for so many centuries, but brighter now and growing brighter all the time, how bright it takes a book like this to show us.

Now may the reviewer permit himself a little blame after the praise? No doubt the ancient chroniclers wrote wretched Latin, which would have anguished the souls of the Roman Lindley Murrays, if such there were; but who is responsible for this, the annalist of Auchin, or Krehbeil or Luchain? "No one except Him or His ministers can reveal the future."

And if Luchain were still alive we might ask him to visit "the American Catholics of the South," meaning our Southern States, and there revise his resembling of them to the parochial clergy of the twelfth century as he exhibits them in his pages. The reviewer holds no brief for the Roman church, but he is compelled gravely to question that analogy. All of which shows that a man may have an amazing knowledge of the twelfth or thirteenth centuries and yet have something to learn about the twentieth! *Cyrus Townsend Brady.*

III

Homer Lea's "The Day of the Saxon"*

The author of *The Valor of Ignorance* is, as might be expected, still an association of ancestral voices prophesying war. Ancestral but magnificently modern also, for with a Hugo-esque and philosophical accent he gathers the world and its history into a synthesis and hurls it at the reader.

The book, solidly planned and stupendous both in detail and reach, is no small achievement. One may without admitting any of his gigantic conclusions, follow with widening horizon the steps by which he reaches them. The impression of amplitude in design, however, is hurt as much as helped by a wearisome trick of enumeration. Principles, laws, and axioms are always being enunciated in pairs and trios and quadruples and quintuples. This, as well as the stentorian quality of its style, makes it read like a protracted oration. There is overmuch of the empurpled phrase which since Kipling seems inseparable from Imperialistic talk. Though sometimes genuinely eloquent, the sentences often merely reverberate. One asks occasionally what they mean, and not infrequently they seem a trifle silly in their straining thunder. But it cannot be denied that in sheer weight this style is impressive.

*The Valor of Ignorance. By Homer Lea. New York and London: Harper Brothers.

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Nor is it ever inert—it advances imperturbably toward its object. Yet the argument seems overplayed. The author hopes the Saxon may rise at his clarion, but to an outsider he seems to have presented his case so overpoweringly that he might well have borrowed his title from Bulwer.

The origin of national disintegration is the slackening of a nation's effort at self-preservation, says the author, and a nation must always be specifically prepared for war in proportion to its strongest enemy. War is the basic principle in national progression, for a nation can become great and remain great only through physical power. It was because Holland imagined that trade constituted a national asset which freed it from the necessity of military expansion, that it now sits in the shadow of other kingdom's footstools—a jester in the motley of universal peace.

Though the immediate causes of war alter from age to age, its basic reason remains the same. This is the clash of convergent interests. There are four nations whose military potentiality is greater than that of the British Empire; and on account of her geographical distribution, none of them can follow their lines of national expansion without clashing with her. Therefore since the circle of Saxon dominion must be broken down or the greatness of other nations restricted, from any one or all of these four greater military powers is war inevitable; and the struggle will be long and terrific. Meanwhile, the Saxon army, numbering less than half a million men, stretches like the old wall of China over a dominion it can no longer defend —not now a wall but a monument to a spirit that has all but departed; and the Saxon race, given over to the fat somnolence of commercial satisfaction, denies the absolute certainty of war from powers which must also expand; and fatuously confides in a navy which though far inadequate to defend the exterior lines and bases of the Empire, is useless for ultimate safety at home. The Saxon's military comprehension has become dulled and his public mind nonmilitant. The author hopes by quickening the one to revive the other before it is too late. For this reason he takes up one by one, the Empire's points of contact with the expanding world in America and Asia and Europe.

Canada, having, like the United States, ceased to be Saxon racially, may like her cease to be Saxon politically as her interests converge with those of the Republic or of the rest of Europe. The domination of both Americas by one or a coalition of European peoples is in sight, and will actually arrive when the British Empire is broken down. For it is England and not the United States which guarantees the independence of the American nations. In India similarly, the Saxon intervenes to keep back Europe. Next to the seizure of the British Isles, the loss of India would be the most vital blow that could befall the Empire, because of the vast gap it would make in the British circle. Yet the Empire in making no provision for India's natural expansion and in refusing to recognise that racial amalgamation is impossible, stupidly ignores its relationship with the world and its character as the basis of the British Dominion. Had it not been where it is, there would have been no Empire. Yet the Anglo-Japanese Alliance which made Japan an empire but increases the vulnerability of India. The Japanese war was for Russia only one of her many inconsequential repulses, but for the Saxon race it was a disaster. When Japan forced Russia back from the North Pacific, she but hurled an ever-expanding empire upon India. Kept from the Bosphorus by Germany, she must follow thither through Persia her basic line of expansion. The fundamental importance of India, furthermore, is much increased when it is seen that she is the first principle of Australasian defense. The natural expansion of Asian nations must in course of time begin on Australasia; and since the brown and yellow races can double their number in a fourth of the time it takes the white race, Australasia must cease to be racially and politically Saxon unless military supremacy prohibits Asian immigration. Home defense for Australasia is an illusion on account of its insularity; and its permanent defence must be naval. Australia itself has its population restricted to the seaboard on account of

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the interior desert, and thus land defence against invasion is rendered impossible by nature since there is no interior centre. The degree of naval power requisite for defence can be attained only by a unified British Empire. In the Pacific the results of the Russo-Japanese war and the error of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has given Japan a stronger position than England and greatly threatens the future interests of the Empire, which has overlooked that with the birth of Japan comes a second insular power to live as she herself has lived—by looting the highways of the sea. As for Germany, the convergence of her interests with those of the Empire is at a more vital point than the convergence of Japan and she moves along this convergent line at a greater rate of propulsion than does Russia toward India. As there is now no part of the world open to Teutonic extension without encroaching upon the Saxon, Germany must involve the British nation in a final struggle for political existence.

It is in relation to the German struggle that the author reaches the main point toward which he has been so massively marching. But as if aware of the magnitude of his proposition, he no sooner states it than he shies off and closes the book without further ado. Having established the fact that the navy could not defend India from Russia, he seeks to show that in a conflict with Germany it would be of secondary importance. Though the destruction of the British fleet would mean ruin, the destruction of the German fleet would not be one step nearer the annihiliation of German power and its potentiality for expansion. England must possess a land force capable of resuming the conflict in the theatre to which the enemy has retired. Now, history has shown that the nation able to determine the theatre of war has seven chances of success to three of failure, while even a victory in the theatre forced by the other country has little or no effect upon the final outcome. Thus, the only decisive victory obtainable by the Saxons must be fought on or near German soil; and thus England must seize Denmark and the Netherlands if it would really be prepared for war, by this means initiating the war herself.

The book seems based on the assumption that any curtailment of expansion means absorption. But national existence does not in civilised states depend on the power to become or remain supreme over other political entities whose interests are convergent. Portugal, Spain, France, Holland still remain on the map in spite of their interests having disastrously converged with England's, nor do they seem the worse for having ceased to be empires. Japan, Russia, and Germany seem likely to endure even if their expansion continues checked by the same power. But there is another assumption, as natural perhaps for the author to make as for many readers to refuse. Since the author says that the United States has ceased to be Saxon racially as well as politically, an American may wonder if any one in his country or the rest of the world is the worse for it. A de-Saxonised reader may not be blamed for hoping it is a mere assumption that all who are not Saxons possess "befouled and stubby noses." And if the natural expansion of all other races is to be checked (by entire delocalisation of all parts of the dominion in favour of the Empire!) in order that the supremacy be maintained, it remains to be established for what reason the Saxon race should at such cost survive. It is delightfully insular that the examination into this forms no part of the author's programme. One is blasphemously reminded of the tale of the chorus girl who had passed her usefulness, and the manager to whom she applied for work. "I must live," expostulated the lady. "Why?" said the manager.

Graham Berry.

IV

Andrew Lang's "A Short History of Scotland"*

If the Scotchman is "dour" we have to remember that a dour history has gone to the making of him. And if he is "canny" this, too, may find its explanation in the fact that for several centuries, not only his "saxpences" but his liberty and his very life often hung upon his ability for shrewd calculation amid per-

*A Short History of Scotland. By Andrew Lang. New York. Dodd Mead & Co.

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plexing cross currents of civil and religious strife.

Andrew Lang's *Short History of Scotland*—made short by a severity of condensation which sometimes renders his narrative a little hard to follow—gives, as a first impression, the picture of a land and people in a state of chronic anarchy. The Scottish Kings seem more like chieftains of a loose confederation of discordant clans than like modern monarchs.

The confusion disentangles itself as the years go by: a semblance of order emerges from the chaos: but with more or less intensity the tumult continues down to 1745, the year of Prince Charles's invasion and the field of Culloden, so fatal to the Stuart dynasty.

In fact the troubled waves are finally calmed only by the union of Scotland with England under the supremacy of the British Crown.

It appears incredible that the Scotland of Hume and Adam Smith and Robert Burns and Walter Scott—the Scotland when Edinburgh was the modern Athens—should have sprung with scarce a visible transition time out of Scotland torn with bloody feuds between rival partisans in church and state; harried by border raids, and by Jacobin insurrections, immersed in a sea of troubles. Perhaps the explanation may be found in another impression which this *Short History* leaves upon us. The men of Scotland appear as strong personalities: individualists of the most pronounced type. Not perhaps great men; but men strong of hand or brain were too many and too wilful to make the dominance of any one man possible. And the prevalence of intense individualism, while it worked against civic order and social consciousness, developed personal character and personal qualities. Out of the storm and stress the material for the peopling of the modern Athens was evolved. Andrew Lang does not idealise the characters which appear in his history. The real Macbeth is shown in tamer guise than the Macbeth of Shakespeare's tragedy; yet he is every inch a chieftain. Wallace, though stripped of the glamour with which song and story have invested him, is still a true hero. The treacheries and double dealings of Bruce are pitilessly exposed and yet Bruce is no weakling.

Mr. Lang does not love John Knox nor Melville; he has no affection for the Presbyterians in general; persecuted Covenanters do not excite his enthusiasm. But through his very prejudices—or his passion for cold impartiality, whichever one may call it, one cannot but feel that his picture of these often fierce religionists is that of characters of more than ordinary strength and individuality.

Mr. Lang deals tenderly with the hapless Mary Queen of Scots; even when he decides that she was not guiltless of Darnley's death. But the men about her, friends and foes—what fierce, what wilful friends and foes they were!

Scotland produced no Cromwell, no one great outstanding man, but the procession of strong personalities does not cease. Even the Earls of Argyll with all their shiftiness are no non-entities. They were men who did things sufficiently important and sufficiently wilful to involve the loss of their heads.

Montrose is the one character in this history whom the historian permits himself to love; almost the only one who is pictured as a knight without fear and without reproach. And yet, severe as his judgments are, Andrew Lang has the master touch which makes us love him, and will make him long remembered. His characters even in this condensed history are very human.

Ira S. Dodd.

V

Dell H. Munger's "The Wind Before the Dawn"*

Mrs. Munger does not long keep the reader in suspense: and before the last page has been turned, the book has shown many points. Chief among them, perhaps—in this throbbing hour when Woman takes a long step forward each second—is that it portrays how the prairie-woman, better-half of the enduring pioneer, has played her part in building up new empires, and how, inevitably, she must demand her half of the kingdom. The writer has touched a pulsing

*The Wind Before the Dawn. By Dell H. Munger. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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segment of the woman movement amongst "the people"—and that is enough to make the book important.

But, over and beyond this point of timely interest the book is truly an "epic of the Kansas prairies"—a vivid picture of the stretches of blazing prairies one generation ago; of the series of hardships, seemingly Providence-sent in their succession one after another, which occasioned that all-too-true dubbing, "bleeding Kansas"; of the stubborn-souled folk, rough and uncouth because they had to be, who grew to accept privation and calamities as matters of course and stubbornly persisted nevertheless; of the hard-handed men and body-bent women; of the continuous lack of opportunity which drove men and women to make opportunity for themselves.

There was little that was romantic in the growing-up days of the prairie country. Drouth and flood and cyclone and insect pest—one thing after another added itself to the natural hardships of conditions and climate. There was little that was romantic—it seems a pity that so much of it appeared ridiculous to a scoffing outside world—but there was much that was dramatic in those scenes of never-ending struggle and ever-chastening Providence.

All this, which, not in the living of it but in the simple telling of it holds so much of the dramatic, Mrs. Munger has put into *The Wind Before the Dawn.* She tells it simply, with no high passages of rhetoric, no artifices of style, no flourishes. She tells it as one who has lived through it all, the heart-breaking and back-breaking days, and, from a happier height looks back and tells what she sees.

Mrs. Munger opens her narrative with a description of that Bible-like visitation, the scourge of grasshoppers. She tells how they were seen coming, one sultry, brassy August afternoon, a silver, snowish cloud obscuring the sun, coming nearer and nearer the wondering inhabitants until, in separating, glistening, stinging billions the creatures reached earth and settled; settled wherever there was anything green and edible and, with their billions of scissoring mouths devoured until, by sunset, there was not a vestige of green the length and breadth of the Kansas prairies.

The teeming cloud of insects was a pest equal to that of the lice of Egypt. They overflowed the Kansas prairies like the lava from Mount Vesuvius, burying vegetation and causing every living thing to flee from their path. A turnip patch had been green that afternoon . . . The ground was dotted all over the patch with small holes where the hungry swarms, not satisfied with the tops, had followed the stems down into the earth, eating out the bulbs to the very taproots . . .

The wind blew a gale throughout the next day, sweeping remorselessly over the unobstructed hillsides. Unable to fly, the helpless insects hugged the earth while the gale tore over the Kansas prairies with a fearful velocity. With feminine instinct, every female grasshopper burrowed into the dry earth, making a hole which would receive almost her entire body back of her wings and legs. The spring sod, half rotted and loosened from the grass roots, furnished the best lodgment. In each hole, as deep down as her body could reach, her pouch of eggs was deposited.

By night the sod presented a honeycombed appearance never before seen by the oldest settlers. Not a spear of anything green was left. The next morning the wind had fallen . . . by ten o'clock they were away in swarms, leaving ruin and desolation to show that they had sojourned in the land.

Where the plague went no one ever knew; but it had done its work. Nearly all living creatures in Kansas died of starvation that winter save the human beings, and they nearly starved. They nearly froze to death, too, for the "fodder" which was such an item of fuel in an unforested country had gone to the grasshoppers. But they were destined to survive, the Kansas pioneers, and they survived this and other visitations. Mrs. Munger's characters endure them all—cyclones, locally known as "twisters," and blizzards and "short crops" and "hard times" and "mortgages"—all those Kansas symbols.

This, in general, is the big thing she does in *The Wind Before the Dawn.* In particular she tells the story of Lizzie Farnshaw who became Elizabeth when she went up to Topeka to school and became a district school teacher; of her harsh, barren childhood, of her hard-handed, domineering, reasonless father and overrun, overworked, fretful mother;

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of her marriage to John Hunter and her overwork, in turn, and submission to a petty-tyrant husband; of her tragic love affair with her husband's sympathetic friend who, dying, opens her an avenue to freedom by leaving her a legacy. This is the crux of the book:

> . . . a small, narrow book that opened endwise and had the name of the Bank of Colbyville on it was all. It was a fitting end to her considerations. She had never owned a checkbook till recent years. Because of its presence she might yet be able to answer John Hunter as he wished. She thought long on her situation. There was no sleep in her. The larger, the universal aspects of the question began to crowd in upon her mind.
>
> "There is no other way," she said. "A woman, to be free, must have money of her own. She must not be supported by a man."
>
> She stepped out on the porch and stood looking toward the east. The refreshing breeze which had sprung up cooled and invigorated her.
>
> "The wind before the dawn! The beginning of a new day!" she said aloud. She turned toward the kitchen.

Elizabeth Hunter separated from her husband as soon as she got her checkbook; and, in time, because she had the checkbook, she consented to live with him again.

There is much of churning and cooking dinners over hot stoves for harvesters and putting out washings in this book; and it presents vivid pictures. The book rings true. The characters live and breathe and talk ungrammatically and make sacrifices and drink noisily from their saucers and are sweet or sour or peppery or bitter, as the case may be; but they live and breathe. Mrs. Munger has given readers a real document. She has written out of her experience, out of her heart. She had never written a book before; whether she can write another equal remains to be seen.

Dana Gatlin.

VI

Charles Kenyon's "Kindling"*

One approaches this book with something more than the usual interest in "novelisations" of current plays. Not within the memory of the present writer has an American drama had so odd and attractive a history as Mr. Kenyon's *Kindling*. It will be recalled that the play, after a brief and not over happy life on Broadway, suddenly attracted the attention of a group of some thirty or forty novelists, playwrights, editors and critics, who promptly set themselves at the altruistic task of forcing the public to take notice of the play. So much was said and written by these enthusiasts that the effort succeeded and the play has since toured the country with success.

To the management and others interested in the production it probably seemed inevitable that the simple and powerful story of the play should be recast in novel form. It cannot be said that the result is happy. The story is a brief chapter from the life of Maggie and Heinie Schultz. Heinie is a worker on the docks in New York, poverty stricken at best and at the moment out of work because of a dock-workers' strike. Maggie is soon to become a mother. Her peasant mind has been so worked upon by Heinie's indignation over the unsanitary nature of their tenement home that she is afraid to tell him of her condition. His words, that to bring a child into such a world as their's would be "worse than murder," prey upon her. Finally she steals money enough to take them out to a government homestead in Wyoming where, in pure air and with good food, her child will "have a chance."

The story is essentially tragic. That in the particular case the playwright hit upon a plausible and fairly satisfactory "happy ending" for his characters took little from the force of the play as a vehicle for conveying the new concept of "social justice." On the one hand were shown rich landlords through the forms of legalised injustice, robbing the poor of health and of life. On the other hand were shown the poor, blindly, perhaps misguidedly, striking back, stirred by the most elemental of emotions. It was a big theme, and, everything considered, a big play.

But in its play form the story was brief, condensed, profoundly suggestive. We lived through the time of terrible

*Kindling. From the Play by Charles Kenyon. By Arthur Hornblow. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

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trial with Maggie. We felt with her, saw with her; and the grim tenement atmosphere was illuminated at moments with the brooding beautiful mystery of motherhood. The last line in the play, "Heinie, maybe they *is* roses in Wyoming!" would have wrung salt tears from a stage doorkeeper; for Maggie, the confessed thief, was thinking about flowers!

Now Mr. Hornblow's task in expanding this story into a three hundred and seventy-page book has been beyond him. Very likely it was an impossible task. Expanded, the beautiful little play becomes a crude melodrama, alive with burglars, detectives, saloon basements, and in general with the unpleasant literal details of slum life (or what the author imagines to be slum life) with the instinct for humanity left out. Here and there among the pages are embedded solid chunks of dialogue from the play which, of course, lose much of their interest and virtually all their power in such surroundings. We no longer feel and think with Maggie in her pitiful gropings through the technically wrong toward the eternally right. We merely see her, here and there, as an over-elaborated character in a depressing story, hastily built up out of material designed for another sort of structure. *Kindling* was a good deal of a play. But it hardly seems to the present reviewer to be much of a book. *Samuel Merwin.*

THE FOREST OF DREAMS

BY MADISON CAWEIN

Squaw-berry, bramble, Solomon's-seal,
And rattlesnake-weed wild the place—
You seem to feel that a Faun will steal,
Or leap, before your face.
Is that the reel of a Satyr's heel,
Or the brook in its headlong race?

Yellow-puccoon and the blue-eyed grass,
And briars a riot of bloom—
And now from the mass of that sassafras
What is it that shakes perfume?
A nymph? who has for her looking-glass
That pool in the mossy gloom?

Mile on mile of the trees and vines,
And rock and fern and root—
What is it pines where the wild-grape twines?
A dove? or Pan's own flute?
And there!—what shines into rosy lines?
A flower?—or a Dryad's foot?

White plantain, bluet, and, golden clear,
The crowfoot's earth-bound star—
Now what draws near to the spirit ear?
A god? or a sunbeam-bar?
And what do we hear with a sense of fear?
Diana? or winds afar?

If we but thought as the old Greeks thought,
And knew what the ancients knew—
Then beauty sought of the soul were caught
And breathed into being too—
And out of naught were the real wrought,
And the dream of the world made true.

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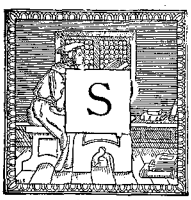
THE SCARLET ORCHID

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER



CENE, a periodical publisher's office in New Zealand. It may be the office of a daily paper, or of a weekly chronicle, or of a monthly magazine. On the wall is a rottenly bad drawing, once used as an illustration in the periodical, framed, and a photograph of the President of New Zealand, signed. Desks, chairs, shears, blue pencils and other signs of sedentary occupation.

The characters are The Retiring Critic, who has just got a better job driving a horse-car on the Wellington Rapid Transit Railway; The Incoming Critic, not called Incoming because of any grossness of Income; The Advertising Solicitor, who has lines of joyful grin around the mouth and lines of carking care around the eyes, and Gladys, the stenographer. In the highly literary atmosphere of the office Gladys represents the World (not the *New York World*, but table d'hôte dinners with wine, forty cents), the Flesh (the shirt waist cost $2.40, holes and all), and the Devil (at least that is the expression used by the Retiring Critic when looking over her typewritten transcriptions of his carefully dictated criticisms. And I don't blame him. How would you like to dictate "Miss Swan's bevy of six songs," and have it typed "Miss Seven's bury of sick sons"? The Incoming Critic is discovered seated at a roll top desk, the edge of which is burned brown. The Retiring Critic is seated beside him in a chair, smoking a cigarette.

RETIRING CRITIC (Scornfully)—Rats on your college educaton! What you want to know in this critic business is where to eat cheap. Bing's Dairy Lunch is good. Pie, five cents; six graham crackers and a bowl of milk, five cents; coffee, five cents. If you cut out the pie, you save thirty cents a week, and if you wear plain bosom shirts instead of plaited bosom you save ten cents a week more. That's forty cents, and you can take Gladys to Caffetti's for dinner Saturday night. A literary man has to have some excitement, and Gladys will expect it. I'll bequeath Gladys to you. She's Bohemia.

INCOMING CRITIC (*Anxiously*)—But the—the serious criticism—the—the——

RETIRING CRITIC—Say, boy, this isn't a morgue. This is a live periodical. All you want to remember is what I told you. Every book that comes in is one of two kinds. It is either a coming Best Seller, or a Lemon. It gets a boost or a knock. In that left hand pigeonhole is the boost list, and in the right hand hole is the knock stuff. We have to be literary as the deuce in this critic game. It don't do to go on saying, "This book is a Lemon" and "This other book is a Lemon" and "This book is a Lemon." That ain't literary. You've got to vary. (*He takes paper from right hand pigeonhole*) Listen. All you need to do is to apply these to the books that need knocking. The boss stands for all of these. "Unfortunately this book lacks the necessary appeal——" "Much as it distresses us to do so, we can only predict failure for this effort——" And so on, And here—(*He takes paper from the other pigeonhole*) "Sparkling and vivid, this novel is sure to be one of the season's leading——" "Written in a masterly style, around a thrilling plot, this novel will find instant approval——" So on.

INCOMING CRITIC—But my studies in criticism? My ideals?

RETIRING CRITIC—Put 'em away in moth balls, son.

INCOMING CRITIC—But—but what is the use reading the books that come for review if I am to use only the stock phrases.

RETIRING CRITIC—Read the books! Listen to this, Gladys—he thinks he has to read the books! Why, son, do you think any man could stand the strain of reading books for the wages you'll get?

GLADYS (*Chewing gum vigorously*) Huh!

INCOMING CRITIC (*With suspicion*)—

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You don't mean—It can't be—I've heard that sometimes all the criticisms of books published by advertisers are good and all published by——"

RETIRING CRITIC—(*Looking toward the boss's office*)—No, sir! Not in this office! We treat all alike. That is a rule of——

VOICE (*From Boss's office*)—Henderson!

RETIRING CRITIC—See what he wants, Gladys. Tell him I'm busy. (*Exit* GLADYS.)

INCOMING CRITIC—But, if you don't read——

Enter GLADYS.

GLADYS (*Throwing a book on desk*)—Boss says review it. (INCOMING CRITIC *takes the book in his hand, turns it over.* GLADYS *stands chewing her gum.*)

RETIRING CRITIC (*Taking the book. He reads title*)—*The Scarlet Orchid,* by Susan Sans Gene, Dobwell and Grutch, New York. (*To* INCOMING CRITIC)—This is the way we do it. (*To* GLADYS)—Take this dictation, will you? (GLADYS *takes her note book, pulls a pencil from her mass of hair, cocks one knee over the other, and takes dictation.*)

RETIRING CRITIC (*Putting the book on his desk and looking at the cover. He dictates*)—"Of the making of new authors there is no end. When we opened *The Scarlet Orchid,* by Susan Sans Gene, and had read the first twenty pages, we wondered why. Susan Who-ever-she-is—for we take Sans Gene to be a *nom de plume*—does well to hide her family name——" Got that, Gladys?

GLADYS—"Does well to hide her family name——"

RETIRING CRITIC—"for the only merit in *The Scarlet Orchid* lies in the cover of it. Lucky the reader who only looks at the cover and does not dip inside." That doesn't sound too much like praise, does it?

GLADYS (*Looking at her finger tips*) You might say that the colour comes off on the hands, Jacky. You haven't said that for several weeks.

RETIRING CRITIC—That's right. Take this—"But even the cover is not free from blame. It might be well enough in the mountains on dry days, but readers sojourning at the sea-side, or stay-at-homes in our damp New Zealand climate, should handle *The Scarlet Orchid* with care. The publishers might well have selected a cloth that would not stain the fingers and ruin gowns." How's that?

INCOMING CRITIC—But you have not looked inside the book!

RETIRING CRITIC—Oh, tush! As the prophet says "Mush—mush—mush!" They are all mush. Now, as——

(*Enter* ADVERTISING SOLICITOR, *hurriedly and happily*)

ADVERTISING SOLICITOR (*Joyously*)—Hey, what! Is little Willie some ad. man, or ain't he? Six hundred lines, nonpareil, on a muggy day and all is well! And a new one for us, at that. Going some? What?

RETIRING CRITIC—Can that, Joe. Can't you see I'm breaking in the cub?

AD. SOLICITOR (*Insistently*)—But I won't can it. Six hundred lines of book ad.

RETIRING CRITIC (*In a different tone*)—Oh, book ad! That's different.

AD. SOLICITOR—Different? I guess it is. And it is Dobwell and Grutch I got.

RETIRING CRITIC (*Reaching for left hand pigeonhole*)—Dobwell and Grutch? Ah, Gladys, just cross out that dictation. (*The* INCOMING CRITIC *stands open mouthed.*) Take this, Gladys: "The tired critic, who, after wading through hundreds of inane novels, often thinks the position of street car driver would be preferable to that of guiding the public taste, sometimes has his happy days. One of these is when such a book comes to hand as the masterly novel by Susan Sans Gene, *The Crimson Orchid*——"

GLADYS—It is "Scarlet" ain't it?

RETIRING CRITIC (*looking at cover of book*)—"Scarlet Orchid." What did I say?

GLADYS—You said "Crimson."

RETIRING CRITIC (*To* INCOMING CRITIC)—You want to be careful about that. You might queer a deserving novel if you got the title wrong. (*To* GLADYS) Ah—"Miss Sans Gene vainly seeks to hide her charming identity under a pretty *nom de plume,* but we have guessed her secret. We will not divulge it, however, but there will be some surprise when it is solved by the hundreds

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of thousands of readers we can safely predict for (*refers to list of phrases*) this cleverly written and ably composed novel. (*Refers to list again.*) Sparkling and vivid, this novel is sure to be one of the season's leading books, and (*Refers to list*) we venture to say that a month will see it at the head of the Six Best Sellers."

AD. SOLICITOR—That's great stuff.

RETIRING CRITIC—It ought to be. It's my swan song. Take this, Gladys: "If anything was needed to make the book a fortunate favourite the cover has added it. The brilliant scarlet in which it is bound will make a vivid spot against thousands of white summer dresses at sea shore and in mountain resorts. We predict——"

INCOMING CRITIC—Don't you predict rather often?

RETIRING CRITIC—It's good stuff. It shows we like the book. Go ahead, Gladys: "We predict that the scarlet cover of *The Scarlet Orchid*—and what an unusual title that is!—will long be remembered as the most vogueful sight of 1911." I rather like that "vogueful."

INCOMING CRITIC (*Doubtfully*)—I hardly think there is such a word.

RETIRING CRITIC—Who cares? If there wasn't, there is now. Take this wind up, Gladys: "So we heartily recommend *The Scarlet Orchid* to those who like a novel with well drawn characters, swift action, truth to nature and—and ——"

GLADYS—"A telling heart appeal?"

RETIRING CRITIC—Yes—"And a telling heart appeal." There you are. That's the way to fix 'em up. Suit you, Joe?

AD. SOLICITOR—Bully! Can you get it in the next issue?

RETIRING CRITIC—Last wad of copy is just going to the printers. I'll drop this in the box as I go out. (*He digs up a cigarette and lights it.* GLADYS *pounds out the copy on her typewriter, jerks the paper from the machine and hands it to* THE RETIRING CRITIC, *who has put on his hat and coat.* GLADYS *pats her hair, slaps her hat on her head, jabs a hat pin into it, sticks her gum on one corner of her typewriting machine, and is ready to go. A clock strikes the noon hour.*)

RETIRING CRITIC—Joe, I'm blowing Gladys to a farewell feed. Come along. (*To* INCOMING CRITIC) Will you come? Glad to have you.

INCOMING CRITIC (*In a dazed, troubled manner*)—No, thank you, I—I——

(*Exeunt* RETIRING CRITIC, ADVERTISING SOLICITOR *and* GLADYS)

THE INCOMING CRITIC sits and stares at the desk. From time to time he jerks spasmodically as his ideals slip from him. Finally he sighs, and takes *The Scarlet Orchid* in his hand. He opens it at random. At first he stares at the pages without seeing them, sighing like a porpoise.

INCOMING CRITIC (*Sadly*)—And this is book criticism! (*He starts, and looks at the page of the book closely.*) What? What! (*Reads*) "Of all the great order of monocotyledonous plants, this microspermeæ is, because of its scarlet colouring, the most beautiful. It is——" (*He turns the pages rapidly. Reads*) "The artificial rearing of the scarlet orchid in northern climes has been attended with failure until recently, when Professor Dudeny, of Harvard, by enclosing the entire plant in glass and inducing artificial air currents——" Why, this isn't a novel. It is a—a nature book! (*He looks about wildly.*) I wonder what they do when they want to get back what has been sent to the printer? (*He rushes to the various doors, and throws them open. All the offices are vacant. He returns to his desk, and drops limply into his chair.*) And they'll think I wrote that! *Enter* ADVERTISING SOLICITOR *hurriedly*)

ADVERTISING SOLICITOR—See my bunble of contract blanks. I left——

INCOMING CRITIC (*Grasping him by the arm*)—There has been a mistake, an awful mistake. *The Scarlet Orchid* isn't a novel. It is a nature book. How can we get back the criticism from the printer?

AD. SOLICITOR (*Grimly*)—We can't. It has gone to press by this time.

INCOMING CRITIC (*With agony*)—Oh! Why didn't I look inside the book? Why didn't I read one line! I swear I'll never, never again let a review go to press without first looking inside the book. It is awful! The critical department will be a laughing stock.

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AD. SOLICITOR (*Deeply gloomy*)—It is worse than that. Dobwell and Grutch will cancel their contract. And I don't blame them. (*Exit* AD. SOLICITOR *in anger.*)

(INCOMING CRITIC *arises with sudden resolution, takes his coat and hat and turns toward the door.*)

INCOMING CRITIC (*fiercely*)—I don't care! I don't care if I am throwing up seven dollars a week! I'm going to go away and stay away! (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN

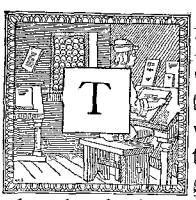
POST SCRIPT:—That this is a tragedy may be seen by the fact that, because of the puff of *The Scarlet Orchid* as a novel, seven hundred copies were sold, when Dobwell and Grutch had not expected to sell a single copy, having published the book at the author's expense. This sale having reimbursed the author, she contracted with Dobwell and Grutch for the publication of another book. Dobwell and Grutch therefore increased their standing advertisement by three hundred lines, and the Advertising Solicitor had his salary raised. But the poor Incoming Critic locked himself in his hall bedroom, wrote a bitterly sarcastic essay which made him famous, and became a wealthy author.

THE ANTAGONISTS

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

BOOK II

CHAPTER VII—(*Continued*)



HE next time she met Dicky alone, her mind was trembling in expectation. That premonition which comes to women, that occult sense which gives them power to see ahead of time, bade her prepare with those delicious warnings love brings triumphantly to a woman's heart. She knew that things would happen then, felt the foreshadowing of them in her mind, but did not realise she only knew, because she meant that they should be. It is often that a woman's instinct warns her of events she means herself to bring about.

It was a night in late September when, during a party at Mrs. Leggatt's house, they both slipped away.

"Just come along to the bridge," Dicky had whispered to her. "The moon's rising at a quarter to nine—harvest moon—I want to see it down the river."

At first she had demurred. There would be trouble, she said, when it was found that they were gone.

"They wouldn't find out till the party's over," Dicky had urged. "It won't be over till nearly eleven. Do come, Dorothy. We won't be gone more than half an hour."

"But why do you want to see the moon?" she asked. "You can see it from the window here."

"Not like it will be on the bridge."

"But won't it be fearfully cold?" she objected.

"Do you mind if it is?" he murmured. "We can stand close together. It won't be so cold then."

That had not really been his purpose in going. It thrilled him to think they might stand close together, but he had wanted to see that harvest moon, had waited nearly the whole month for it.

He did not know it, but it was she who had made him say how they would defeat the cold, this simple, gentle Dorothy, who, with a quiet obedience, did all that Nature commanded her.

"Do come," Dicky whispered.

She said no other word against it. Together they crept out of the house, making their way down the road, past the old butter cross to the tortuous bridge of Eckington, which for so many hundreds of years has been the only path across Avon between Pershore and the West.

Countless lovers before them have

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stood in the little niches of that bridge; countless lovers have leaned over that grey stone parapet, worn with the weight of years and discoloured by many a winter. They were not the first to stand there, looking down into the running water, not the first to find some likeness in its passing ripples to the steady ebbing of their lives.

But no such thoughts as these occupied the minds of Dicky and Dorothy then. Through the brush stems of the willows as they reached the bridge, the harvest moon, deep orange, like a burning lamp, was swinging up against the dark velvet of the sky. Dicky forgot all coldness of the night. Nature was using her colours in such subtlety of tone as he knew he could never hope to master. Yet he saw it all with no sense of envy or regret. The ambition to conquer then was not so great as the knowledge of Romance. At that moment, as the beauty of the world surrounded him, he knew that he was master of it all. There was nothing in life which Dorothy might ask him then to do which he could not have accomplished. He felt in himself the strength and virtue of a hundred men. Life was almost too wonderful, yet great and wonderful as it was, he could have sacrificed it all to the mere murmur of her wish.

"I wouldn't mind if it never came to to-morrow morning," he said at last. "Look where just that one ripple catches the reflection of the moon."

With heart beating, Dorothy pressed closer to his side.

"Don't you feel cold?" she asked. "You've got nothing on your head."

"Do you?" he replied. At her request he could have put an end to life then and there; but it would have gone hard with him had she suggested they should turn back because she felt cold.

"Do you feel cold?" he repeated. "It's really quite warm, isn't it?"

"Oh, I'm all right," said she. "I've got on a warm coat. This fur cap's warm, too. I wish I'd brought my gloves."

"Hands cold?" he asked.

"They are a little," she replied, and there was expectation in her heart.

Half then in joy and still in wonder, his hands groped down in the darkness until they found the touch of hers.

"I don't expect they feel cold outside," said she quickly; "but they do in."

He took them closely in his own, crushing the fingers in his grasp. She felt the pain of it, and loved the pain. No cry of complaint came near her lips and, as Dicky held them, still gazing at the glory of the rising moon, her eyes were closed. All joy and all delight she felt within herself. So far with Dicky the enchantment was in life.

For some long time they stood there, his hands caressing hers. One by one the words were mounting to his mind, just as the moon, turning from orange to gold, was mounting above the willows into the vault of stars. Too well he knew he loved her, but never had the words come home to him till then. Now they were burning in his brain—long passionate sentences in whose embrace the whole meaning of love was compassed. One by one they rolled across his mind. He thought he had grasped them, had found the great moment for expression and, before he knew it, had whispered her name.

"Dorothy!"

She leaned still nearer to him. Her heart was beating in the prison of her breast.

"What, Dicky?" she whispered.

"I love you," said he. "Oh—I love you—that's all—that's all."

His great sentences had gone from him. The moment before they had all been there; but in the moment itself there were only three words which he could say.

"Do you love me?" he asked presently.

"Frightfully," she whispered.

He held her hands yet tighter and still looked at the moon.

"I love you better than anything else in the world," he went on, and believed it was the first time in the world such words had ever been said.

"Better than your painting?" she whispered and, knowing that he must, he was quite willing to say—yes.

One hand she disengaged to draw it gently around his neck. They looked in each other's eyes then; their breath was on each other's cheeks. How long in si-

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lence that lasted neither of them could ever have told. The night was like a furnace about them as they stood there then.

"Why don't you kiss me, Dicky?" she whispered at last, as a woman fainting asks for water.

For one second the world stood still to let the mad race of thoughts crash on through Dicky's mind. Something was ending here. The virtue and the strength of all those hundred men were going from his heart. Like the tramp of a company leaving the gates of a city, he felt them passing from his soul. One by one—one by one their footsteps fell away. Nearer and nearer her eyes drew his into the complete oblivion of their depths. One moment he was free, the next a slave. His lips leaned down to hers. In the warmth of them he forgot all those moments of Romance. Dicky would not have sacrificed Life then for all the Romance in the world.

Chapter VIII

During all that period since he had left school, Dicky had kept in touch with Mr. Hollom. Had the matter been left in Dicky's own hands, doubtless the friendship might have dropped; but, true to his word to Christina, Mr. Hollom never allowed his interest in Dicky to abate. Every week he wrote and, every week, in letters not exactly to be commended for their length, Dicky replied, giving information mainly about his painting, or his troubles at the mill, but never confessing his love for Dorothy or letting it be understood what change in life that love had brought to him.

In the mental composition of Dicky there was a degree of reticence, contrasting oddly with that impulsiveness of mind which he showed in most of his dealings. This reticence no doubt he inherited from his father. On all subjects concerning himself, Mr. Furlong was slow to speak. Indeed, with him, it amounted to secretiveness. He was secretive about his origin, about his age, about the income he made from the profits of the mill. Because of this secretiveness he had never gained the confidence of his children, had never even gained the confidence of his wife.

The fringe of this mantle then, perhaps, had fallen upon Dicky. He did not even speak to Anne about his love for Dorothy, though in his heart he knew well enough that she was a conscious spectator of it all. Yet still he clung to the deeper secret of it, dimly realising that the unspoken word may be more truly a talisman than that which is spoken. So of his love for Dorothy, Mr. Hollom knew nothing. One morning at breakfast, early in the next year, Mr. Furlong remarked upon the letter that lay on Dicky's plate.

"Who's writing to you, Dicky?" he asked, and he smiled as though he would suggest his suspicions that the letter was addressed to Dicky's heart.

Dicky avoided the smile.

"It's from Mr. Hollom," he replied.

"Oh—from him? He's a nice fellow. I've often thought of asking him to come and stay here again. He's never been here since—since you left school. You'd like to see him again, I suppose?"

"Rather," said Dicky eagerly.

"Well—I'll write and ask him. What does he write to you about? He writes often—doesn't he?"

"'Bout once a week," said Dicky.

"May I see his letter?" asked Mr. Furlong.

"I don't know," replied Dicky quickly. "I haven't read it yet."

There were a thousand things likely to be in that letter which might surprise Mr. Furlong to read. Dicky thrust it swiftly into his pocket, meaning to close the matter once and for all.

"Oh, of course, don't show it me if you don't wish to," said his father. "I have no curiosity to see it. But I don't think I quite like this exhibition of secrecy on your part, Dicky. You can't expect me to give you my confidence or treat you as I most earnestly wish to treat you, if you conceal things from me like that. A letter from Mr. Hollom to you can surely contain nothing but of the most ordinary nature in the world. Mind you, as I say, I'm not curious. But that was a thing I had often to tell your dear mother about. She would keep things to herself."

Anne looked quickly at Dicky and then left the room. Mr. Furlong scarcely

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noticed her going. He had discovered a subject upon which in this last year or so, since Christina's death, he had thought a great deal. He had hardly realised, in fact, how much he had thought about it until he began to speak.

"Don't you see," he continued, "how impossible it is for me to help you in any way if you don't give me the full measure of your confidence?"

"I spoke to you once about my painting," said Dicky.

"Oh, yes, about that, but then you can't expect me to take a thing like that seriously—that's—that's——"

"You took it seriously enough," said Dicky; "you tore up my sketch."

"I tore it up," replied Mr. Furlong sharply, "because it was foolish—there was no sense in it. You can't expect me to sympathise with you when you waste your time like that."

"If I waste my time," retorted Dicky, "I ought to be sympathised with. I don't waste it wilfully—I don't mean to do any harm—I believe I'm doing some good. If—if there's no sense in my sketches—" he stammered for his words —"if—if they're foolish, I—I ought to be pitied."

The heat of the moment lent him reason. It was not the gift of sympathy for which he pressed. At the back of all he said was a fierce defence of his art. In a moment, almost of inspiration, he rose to irony. His eyes were lit with it. A pause followed him before Mr. Furlong could reply. He was confronted again by that antagonism which he always met with in his son. Now, with the shafts of irony added to his defence, Mr. Furlong was for the moment confused, and knew not where to strike.

"If what you paint is nonsense," he said then, suddenly, with a rising voice, "it's not so nonsensical as the things you say. How dare you argue with me—a boy of your age! I never heard anything so ridiculous as to suggest that I should sympathise with your folly because you're fool enough to waste your time. For goodness sake try and talk sense, and then I'll listen to you. As it is, it annoys me to talk to you. Go and get to your work as soon as you've finished your breakfast."

"I've finished now," said Dicky.

"But you've eaten nothing!"

"I don't want anything."

"Eat your breakfast!" commanded Mr. Furlong sternly. "You do everything you possibly can to annoy me. Why don't you want to eat your breakfast?"

"Because whenever we have a row I don't feel inclined to do anything—certainly not eat."

"Oh—is that the way you look at it. *We* have a row. You suppose I have so little dignity as to have a row with you. I think the sooner you learn your place, my boy, the better. Try and cultivate manners to your elders, and then you'll realise that it's impossible for me to have a row—as you call it—with you."

He left the table then. He left the room. His own breakfast was but half finished on his plate. A sickness in his heart made it impossible for him to eat more. The food was dry in his throat. He went to his bedroom and for a long time sat there, wondering why Fate conspired against his affection for his son.

"If he would only understand," he said aloud; "if he would only understand that I wish the best, the very best for him——" It was not in the power of his mentality to realise that he was only excusing the want of understanding in himself.

To Dicky's surprise, in the Easter holidays, Mr. Hollom wrote saying that he had accepted Mr. Furlong's invitation to stay at the mill. After their disagreement which had arisen out of the schoolmaster's letter, he had imagined that Mr. Hollom would not be invited—a retribution for his insubordinate conduct. But in such a case as this Mr. Furlong bore no malice. The idea certainly had entered his head to punish Dicky in this manner, but he had conquered his inclinations. Mr. Hollom, no doubt, was a good influence for Dicky; he might help him to be more steady in his work. Also, when Dicky had gone to bed, they would probably play chess together. Undoubtedly it would be a false policy to punish Dicky in that way, depriving him of a benefit in order to chastise him for a fault. He sat down and wrote to Mr. Hollom that evening.

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He was the same tall, cadaverous-looking man when Dicky met him at the station in Pershore. His cheeks were thinner; his eyes in deeper hollows than before. For some moments he stood looking at Dicky with a questioning, scrutinising gaze.

"What's happened to you, young man?" said he.

At once Dicky knew what he meant. He felt in himself he had changed.

"What do you mean—happened?" he asked.

"Well—you've changed. You're ten years older." He checked himself as he was about to add—"You're older than your father."

In the drive back to Eckington, Dicky had told him of all the conflict which for the most part waged silently between his father and himself.

"More and more every day," said he, "I hate the mill. It goes on just like the wheel—round and round and round."

"You're keeping your sketches?" asked Mr. Hollom.

Dicky nodded.

"Well—you'll show them to me to-morrow."

"Rather!" exclaimed Dicky.

It awakened poignant memories in Mr. Hollom's mind as he sat that evening in the sitting-room playing chess with Mr. Furlong. In a dim distant corner of his heart, he heard the faint chords of the Moonlight Sonata—echoes, withered, like the pale petals of a flower that long have been pressed between the pages of a book, Again he lost his game as he listened to them.

"You begin so well," said Mr. Furlong, as he swept the remaining pieces from the board, "I always think you're going to beat me."

"I don't concentrate enough," replied Mr. Hollom, "that's my one curse. If I could have concentrated half as much as Dicky can, for example, I might have done well."

Mr. Furlong smiled.

"Well," said he, "I see a good deal of Dicky, and I should never have said that of him."

To substantiate his statement, Mr. Hollom knew he would be compelled to refer to Dicky's painting. He saw the pitfall before him and, with careful tact, avoided it.

"I may be mistaken, of course," said he. "I know he showed little of it at school. But I see it in his eyes. He can concentrate if he likes."

"Ah—if he likes," said Mr. Furlong. "Yes—I quite agree with you. His mother was just the same. She could concentrate over her music, but it was only with the greatest difficulty in the world that I could get her to keep the household accounts in regular order."

Mr. Hollom's mind went out in vain endeavour to see a virtue in Christina keeping household accounts. In that respect as a wife perhaps she had failed. He fell to wondering then if any man found the woman in his wife; or did he consciously shut his eyes to such understanding.

"Mind you," continued Mr. Furlong, rousing him from his meditation, "I don't think Dicky takes after his mother in many respects. Anne is more like her. There is something of the set and undeviating purpose about Anne which often reminds me of my poor wife. You'll see Anne to-morrow, and then you can tell me if you don't recognise what I mean. But Dicky's a Furlong all over. I don't want to pride myself at all, but I fancy he's got my imagination. He surprises me sometimes with the things he says. He likes Carlyle, too—reads him greedily. I had a great admiration for Carlyle once."

"Once?" queried Mr. Hollom.

"Yes, I can't say it's so great now; not since it has come out how he treated his wife. It takes away most terribly to me from the truth of all he's written."

"'There is force in the rotting of a leaf,'" quoted Mr. Hollom; "'how else could it rot,' or words to that effect. Has the truth gone out of that to you?"

"I suppose it's true enough," agreed Mr. Furlong; "but I don't like to think a man like that could have written it. His was not the way to treat a wife."

Mr. Hollom held his breath and bit his lip. When the moment had passed, he spoke of being tired and asked if he might go up to his room. Mr. Furlong complained at once of his own thoughtlessness, and lit him up the stairs.

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As the door of his bedroom closed and he heard the sound of Mr. Furlong's footsteps dying away, Mr. Hollom smote the palm of one hand with the back of the other. He said nothing. The gesture alone conveyed the words for all he felt. Something had to be done for Dicky. He undressed, got into bed and, blowing out the light, lay there thinking in the darkness.

Chapter IX

The next day being the first of Mr. Hollom's visit, Dicky was allowed a complete holiday. On that day Anne was returning from a visit, paid to some friends in Tewkesbury. They had the morning to themselves. With a satchel containing some of his sketches, kept under lock and key in his bedroom, Dicky set out with Mr. Hollom to the oak tree. There, in the cupboard, also under lock and key, the remainder of his work had been stored. He talked of it eagerly as they walked. His eyes were brilliant with earnestness in everything he said. With his excitement he was reduced to gestures in his endeavour to express himself. Mr. Hollom's interest was keen in everything he said and did.

They came at last to the oak tree, the scene of still another important issue in Dicky's life. At last he was laying out the sketches, one by one, occasionally introducing them with brief remarks as he placed them in the schoolmaster's hands.

He showed no craving for approval; never asked how he liked this or that, seeking for praise. One after another, with occasional explanatory preludes, he produced them from the almost inexhaustible store which he had collected.

When Mr. Hollom had been through them all he began to pick them out separately.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Oh—that's only a sky—the landscape doesn't matter—I just put it in anyhow. It had been wet all day, and about four o'clock it began to clear in the west. It was like pulling a huge grey cloth off a slab of silver. The clouds rolled back, just as if a hand was dragging them. I sort of felt that I'd never mind a grey day again, because you'd only got to think there was that dazzling light behind it."

"But how did you get that primrose part of the sky so full of light? You haven't made the grey so very dark. There isn't such a lot of contrast. How did you get it? I should have had to paint those rain clouds nearly black."

Dicky tried to think how he had got it; but it brought no meaning to his mind.

"I don't know," he said at last. "I didn't feel they were so very heavy. I think the way you feel things is the way you do them, and you can't tell how or why you feel. Look at this one—a bit of the river. They always say that the sky reflected in water is never so light as the sky itself. Well, I don't suppose it is when you go and sit down and say to yourself, now which is the lightest? But I couldn't paint to save my life if I went and said things to myself."

Mr. Hollom looked up at him.

"What do you do then, Dicky?"

"Well—I suppose I just feel. I felt the river was lighter than anything else that day. It—it meant light to me, much more than the sky did. I couldn't think of the sky when I looked at the water—I could only think of the water when I looked at the sky. You wanted to bathe in it. I did bathe, too, when I'd finished. See that smudge. That's where I chucked my trousers down."

Mr. Hollom smiled, remembering how careful he was with his own miserable sketches over which he took such time and such infinite pains. With deliberate intention he made no comment on those drawings which he looked at for the second time. It occurred to him to wonder why Dicky was not eager, as many another boy would have been, for praise. His only anxiety, it seemed, was to justify with explanation the effects he had endeavoured to produce. It was marvellous, when he considered it, how much of the theory of it all Dicky had learned when the only master under whom he had worked had been his own conscience. One thing only he needed now—the leaven of discipline. They could never kill the originality of his genius now. It had found its soil; had thrown out its roots, and no formality of teaching could ever kill it. Yet if he

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persisted in the solitary study of his art, Mr. Hollom felt sure that the ultimate flower of this priceless plant would be abnormal, exotic, even distorted in its shape. In some of the sketches he had before him there were signs of it already. Freedom of brush they had, freedom of ideas; but such freedom as offered to defy the common-law. He laid all the drawings down and lit a cigarette.

"Dicky," he asked presently; "how much do you care for all this?"

In the thrill of the moment Dicky said his mind.

"Oh—better than anything else in the world," he declared and, the moment he had said the words, a vision of Dorothy pleaded with him to take them back. Almost she succeeded. In the tone of Mr. Hollom's voice he knew that yet more was to be said. If he told him of his love for Dorothy, perhaps the suggestion he had in his mind would never be made. She begged him to take back his words. Again and again she recalled to him the memory of what he had said in answer to just such a question of hers. It came to the edge of his lips then to say that one thing in life there was he loved better than his work; but he heard the words and knew all their meaning before he uttered them. With a bitter feeling of self-contempt, he closed his eyes to the vision of Dorothy and kept his silence.

"You're prepared to risk everything for it?" continued Mr. Hollom.

"Everything!" said Dicky stoutly.

"Supposing it came to running away from the mill—would you go?"

"Where?"

"To London."

Dicky's eyes found another light.

"Yes—like a shot."

"You might starve."

"No—I wouldn't."

"What 'ud you do?"

"Get work somewhere—any sort. There are classes at the schools in the evenings. I found that out. They don't cost much."

"It 'ud be a rough life after the mill, you know," said Mr. Hollom.

"Rough! What 'ud that matter? I should be working."

"Yes, and supposing you went under. I should be all to blame. It 'ud be my fault. Think what your mother would say to me if she'd been alive."

"Don't see that it 'ud be your fault," exclaimed Dicky. "I'm going anyway, whatever happens. I began saving up last year. As soon as I've got enough, I shall go."

"How much have you got?"

"Nearly a pound—eighteen and ninepence. In three weeks more it'll be a pound."

"My dear boy—a pound's no good to you. You'll have to keep yourself in rooms till you get work."

"How much would that cost?" asked Dicky.

"Depends how long you were in finding work. It might be some weeks. Now listen to what I've got to say. I know, if you're going to be any good, you must get away from the mill. Your mother once told me she wanted you to be an artist, and if I can help, I'm going to. I'm going to give you ten pounds."

Dicky's breath jerked in his throat.

"You can start in London with that. If you should want more, I'll send you more. It'll be no good you ever telling your father that I've helped you to it. Possibly after you're gone, he'll never want to see you again. Are you prepared for that?"

Dicky nodded his head.

"You'll probably cut yourself adrift from your own home, and have none left but of your own making. Are you prepared for that? Don't just nod your head. Let me hear you say yes."

"Yes," said Dicky firmly.

"I'll give you some introductions to people in London. They're not much good. None of them are artists, but they may help you to get some work. And now, when do you think you'd better go? Would you like to go while I'm here? Perhaps I could explain a bit to your father after you've gone, and make things a little easier."

"I'll go in June," said Dicky.

His eyes had opened again. Against his will he was seeing once more the vision of Dorothy; her arms were around his neck as she had drawn them that

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night on Eckington bridge; her lips were warm and clinging close to his.

"I'll go in June," he said again.

"Right," said Mr. Hollom. "I shall send you the money just before you go. Let's get back."

They returned to the mill, walking slowly. For five minutes they said nothing. Their minds were full of thoughts, speeding hot foot upon them. At last Mr. Hollom turned his head and looked at Dicky.

"Why June?" he asked.

The blood rushed burning into Dicky's cheeks.

"I can't till June," said he, and said no more.

When they reached the white wicket gate between the laurels Mr. Hollom stood still. He saw a woman's figure bent over a bed in the garden. Her arms were full of daffodils that leaned against her cheeks.

"Hallo, old girl!" shouted Dicky, a higher note than usual in his voice. "Here's Mr. Hollom!"

Anne looked up.

That evening the schoolmaster lost at chess again. It was not only memories he listened to. Anne played to them in the other room.

Chapter X

It was now that Dicky felt the bonds of his enchantment. A fear came to him that night when he thought of how he must tell Dorothy of his departure. In the meeting of their lips on the bridge at Eckington, the cry of the earth had clarioned in his ears. And it was hard to make sacrifice of the earth now, even when the call of highest purpose was bidding him set forth on man's adventure.

He knew quite well that he would go, just as a man may know the Fate that is awaiting him; but how he was to leave her when every moment's beating of his heart rushed hot with the memory of that kiss and cried for more, was far beyond his saying. Just as a man who, hearing he is condemned, knows his powerlessness against the law, yet wonders at his power of inevitable submission, so Dicky marvelled in his heart to think that day in June would really come when he would bid good-bye to Dorothy. It would have been best, he knew, to have gone then and at once, before the taste of other kisses sharpened the pain of parting. But he played with the fire, heating that crucible in the hollow of which every man's soul must meet its test. The strength and virtue of the hundred men had gone from him. In that moment on Eckington Bridge, the Romance of life had changed in Dicky's mind. The first essential in Romance is a boundless freedom, the untrammelled liberty over life and death.

But in his love for Dorothy, Dicky no longer held that power. He was a slave, and the Romance had gone. Now he loved as a man is meant to love, as every woman means that he shall love, as Nature stirs in her to bring that love to pass. All the freedom he could see lay out in the world beyond that paradise in Eckington holding the woman for whom he cared. All the longing of his mind leaned out to reach that freedom to his grasp, for there was his Romance. And so within him, even then, began that conflict which makes the everlasting antagonism between men and women. So nearly are the forces weighed, so nearly matched the one against the other, that who can say which banner is the right. Dicky fought, just as the other men have fought before him.

And it is seldom the easy victim whom a woman seeks. The spirit of noble combat lies in her soul as well as his. The greater the heart in her, the greater the heart she seeks in battle. And sometimes the greatest heart may beat in the breast of the gentlest woman in the world. Despite all her gentleness there was a greatness of heart in Dorothy Leggatt.

When the next evening they met and she heard that Dicky was going away, Dorothy's heart stood still within her. This was the challenge to which she knew she must answer. In that sudden moment, she felt herself called into the bewildering struggle for life. Until then she had been but a spectator. All things had passed by before her eyes. Even the tragedy of her mother's folly had not caught her in its tide. She had seen it go by, but had never been drawn into the

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eddies as it thundered past. Now, with just those few words from Dicky, and she was swept into the stream. In one brief moment the knowledge that she must strive had reached her. At first it was bewildering, overwhelming. She could not believe that Fate could be so cruel. She, too, then, in the back of her mind, was conscious that he would go; that with his going their love was to be put to all the hazard of chance, wherein the whole world of women was her common enemy. The thought of this was almost unendurable. The hatred of her sex, which at times comes to all women, pressed swiftly on her then. In that one second of time she knew them to be incapable of trust. And one by one these realisations crowded in upon her. She could not speak.

They were sitting by the side of the river, far down from the weir where it winds below the hill. For the first half hour since they had met Dicky had been struggling with the words he had to say. Hesitating and slow in taking his opportunities, they had one and all slipped from him. At last, in a pause, he had said it, blindly, as a man strikes in his own defence when the odds are crowding on him.

She had been holding his hand and, in the silence that followed, let it fall. He waited, saying no more. The thin branch of a willow leaning down into the water swayed and quivered as the river hurried by. He found himself counting the possibilities it offered of catching the things that floated past. A last year's leaf came swirling down. The willow branch had caught it. In its struggles to get free, he felt an echo of the struggle in himself. He was the leaf. She was the branch of willow. The moment she had dropped his hand, he knew their conflict had begun. When at last he glanced at her face, he found her lip was quivering.

"Oh, Dorothy!" he exclaimed, and locked his arms about her.

"Don't go, Dicky," she whispered brokenly. "Don't go. I couldn't bear it here alone."

"My dear darling, I shan't be gone for always," he whispered back.

"Oh, but it'll never be the same if you go," she replied. "It'll never be the same as it is now. You'll be different when you come back. You'll never be Dicky again if you go now. I want you always to be the Dicky you are here. Think how fearfully happy we shall be."

All strength in Dicky turned to water as he listened to the note of weeping in her voice.

"But I can't stay on in the mill," he replied gently. "How could I?"

"Why not?" she answered quickly. "One of these days you'll have it all to yourself and then we can be married. Oh, Dicky! Nobody in the world 'ud ever be so happy as we should be."

"I know," said he. "I know. But we shall be married all the same. When I've done some real good painting, p'raps the pater 'll be proud of me then. P'raps he'll let me have some money, and we can be married just the same."

"Oh, but when would that be?" she complained. "Not for years and years and years. Oh, Dicky, don't go! You won't mind the mill so much if we're married. You can go on painting your pictures just the same. I'll always come out and sit with you, and we'll have them framed and you can hang them up in the rooms."

Then, dimly, Dicky knew, vaguely it reached his understanding. But it seemed to him as if it were not love she felt at all. What her feelings were it was completely beyond him to comprehend; but it could not be love. She did not care that he should be a great painter. How could she possibly say then that she loved? He might go on painting pictures! They would have them framed, would hang them up in their rooms! It needed all the strength he possessed to control his voice to quietness.

"You don't understand a bit," he said presently, and the bitterness he felt was in every note of his voice. "I don't want to paint pictures to hang up in the mill. What 'ud be the good of that? Nobody would ever see them."

She turned and looked at him. Her lip was quivering again. But now she faced him with the truth. It was the only weapon that remained.

"Dicky," she said bravely, "you don't care for me more than anything else in

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the world. You care for your painting best—don't you?"

It is a heavy but a mighty weapon is the truth. Only in her extremest hour will a woman use it in her own defence. Dicky shuddered as the blow fell on him. He turned away and could not meet her eyes. The river lapped and gurgled through the reeds as it hurried by. A bat wheeled over their heads, tumbling away into the darkness. She caught his arm.

"Dicky," she repeated, and there was terror in her voice. "You care for that best, don't you?"

She had only spoken the truth before. She knew it now. Yet again and again she tried to make him say the lie, clinging to him with both her hands, her tearful eyes pleading to his averted face. The lie would have satisfied her. She would have known indeed how much a lie it was; but if only he would say it, pride alone would have forced him to live up to it.

It is the man a woman wants, and once she loves, she will bind him to her with a lie, if the truth should fail to hold.

But Dicky could not answer. It was when his silence had broken down her courage that at last she turned away.

"Dorothy!" said he, "where are you going?"

She did not answer. Her feet were moving. She let them move.

"Dorothy!" he called again; but she did not turn round. One step he took to follow her, then held himself in check. A sudden instinct warned him that if he followed, the victory would be hers. With clenched hands and fast set teeth he looked the other way. And on into the greyness of the evening Dorothy walked with ears alert to catch his hastening footsteps in pursuit.

At a stile that led from the meadows on to the road she waited, knowing he would come that way. But Dicky never came. Weighed down with the bitterness of all he had lost, Dicky had gone away across the hill into the darkness. Long into that night he lay on a bed of bracken beneath the scattered oak trees on the hill, and the tears were hot upon his cheeks.

After an hour had passed Dorothy turned her face toward home. Her shoulders shook convulsively as she walked. In one short day she had learned how terrible life can be.

Chapter XI

At supper that evening Dicky's chair was empty. Mr. Furlong looked his annoyance.

"If there is one thing I do abominate more than another," he said with irritation, "it is unpunctuality. I don't find it impossible to be in time for meals, but Dicky's continually and systematically late. Five minutes before a meal, he suddenly finds something he wants to do. There's no sense of order in his mind at all. I can't think where he gets it from. It's no characteristic of mine."

He walked impatiently to the window, pulled aside the blind, and peered out into the gathering darkness.

"Oh, we'll begin without him," he exclaimed at last with annoyance and, coming back to the table, he assumed a different tone of voice in which he said grace. Mr. Hollom and Anne glanced across the table at each other, saying the "Amen" at its conclusion with a solemnity of expression by no means indicative of what they had in mind.

During the meal they talked of many things, but in every pause Mr. Furlong looked at the empty chair and said, "I wonder where that boy Dicky is?" His sense of order was so disturbed that he could not properly enjoy his food.

"He may have gone to supper at the Leggatts'," suggested Anne at last.

"Then why hasn't he let us know? I believe he thinks he can use this house as an hotel, coming in and going out just when he pleases."

Mr. Hollom kept silence. He could not quite trust himself to say anything. This attitude of Mr. Furlong's mind was more than he could understand. He only realised how utterly impossible it was for Dicky to stay on beneath such an influence if ever he were to do anything in the service of Art. Above all, he needed liberty—liberty of spirit, liberty of mind. Even so trivial an incident as this convinced him that there was but little liberty for Dicky at the mill.

But it was not only on this account that

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he was glad when the meal was over. All that day he had been waiting for an opportunity to be alone with Anne. None had offered. His only chance lay now in that half hour when Mr. Furlong rested after his meal before they played chess. He liked to be talked to for that half hour certainly, but it might easily be avoided.

When grace was said at the meal's conclusion, he announced that he had letters to write and would go to his room.

"Are you going to play the piano?" he asked of Anne as he departed. This would take her into the other room alone, when he could come down and speak to her. In a few moments he was preparing to leave his bedroom when Anne's playing ceased. He stopped at the head of the stairs and listened.

"I thought I'd come over and smoke a pipe," said a man's voice in the hall below.

There followed then the sound of Mr. Furlong's greetings.

"Dicky's been having supper with you, I suppose," he added, as he helped his guest off with his coat.

Mr. Hollom assumed that this was Mr. Leggatt. He waited, listening for the answer.

"Dicky?" said Mr. Leggatt after a pause, and in that pause the old Cromwellian clock ticked out into the silence. "No, he's not had supper with us—why—hasn't he been here?"

"No," said Mr. Furlong. There was another note than annoyance in his voice—a note of querulousness, of uncertainty. Again the Cromwellian clock filled the silence. "It's nearly nine o'clock," said Mr. Furlong again in a moment, "I wonder what's become of him?"

"Oh—he'll turn up in a few minutes," replied Mr. Leggatt unconvincingly, and he followed Mr. Furlong into the sitting-room. The door closed. The schoolmaster heard no further but the dim murmur of their voices. There was no more playing of the piano, however. He knew then that his chance had gone, and at last he came downstairs.

"Can you imagine what's become of Dicky?" Mr. Furlong asked, the moment he entered the room.

"Probably rambling somewhere or other," replied Mr. Hollom. "I don't think there's any need for you to be alarmed."

Catching a worried glance in Anne's eyes, he suggested cheerfully that they should play a game of bezique. She agreed at once, and the cards were got out. They played in silence while the two men sat in their arm-chairs, smoked, and made desultory conversation. At every sound outside the house, whenever a dog barked, they became silent; Anne laid down her cards and listened. After a few moments had gone by, the conversation began again, and Anne continued with the game.

Once Mr. Furlong got up from his chair, leaving the room. They heard him opening the door in the hall outside. Again they listened. When he returned, Anne's eyes searched his face.

"There's no moon," he said. "It's a terribly dark night."

Mr. Hollom leaned across the table and whispered beneath his breath, "I can't bear to see you looking worried like that. Dicky's all right. He's probably gone for a long walk. He's got a lot to think about."

Anne smiled at him gratefully. For a time her spirits seemed to rise.

"How's Dorothy, Mr. Leggatt?" she asked presently.

"Dorothy? First rate, I think, Anne. Wasn't she with you this afternoon? She came in just as we were sitting down to supper."

"No—I haven't seen her to-day," she replied, and the apprehension came back again into her eyes. Mr. Hollom watched every expression of her face.

The desultory conversation then began again, continuing fitfully until, in a moment of silence, the Cromwellian clock struck the hour of ten. Stroke by stroke the chime fell on their ears. When it stopped, and while they could still hear the dim vibration of sound, Mr. Furlong rose to his feet again.

"I can't stand this any longer," he said nervously. "That boy must be somewhere. He's got nothing to keep him out till this time of night if he isn't at your place, Leggatt. Will you come out

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with me, Hollom, and see if we can find him?"

"Of course," said Mr. Hollom readily.

"I'll come too, Furlong," said Mr. Leggatt. "If we separate and set up a call, he's bound to hear us. There's no wind—it's only dark."

"I am going to come, too," Anne whispered to Mr. Hollom, and, as they walked down the path to the wicket gate, he found her beside him in the darkness.

"Hadn't one of us better go down to the river?" suggested Mr. Furlong while they stood for a moment in conversation outside the gate.

"I'll come with you, Furlong," said Mr. Leggatt. "They'd better go straight along the road to the hill."

So they agreed to it, and, as they moved off into the darkness, they heard Mr. Furlong say in an uncertain voice, "Do you know, I've regretted all my life that I never took to the water when I was a boy."

"Can't you swim?" asked Mr. Leggatt.

"No, but I know how to do the stroke. I know how to use my arms and legs."

Their voices then died away into the darkness and Mr. Hollom set out with Anne along the road.

"Do you know," he said presently, "that your father's really very fond of Dicky?"

"Yes, I know," she replied. "It's only that he doesn't understand. He didn't understand mother a bit."

The face of Christina rose into Mr. Hollom's memory. For one instant he saw her distinctly; then her features became confused with the features of Anne. He leaned down a little in the darkness and looked at her.

"Anne," he said suddenly, using her Christian name for the first time, "you're not to worry about Dicky."

He listened intently to the silence that followed his use of her name. An acute sense of instinct with which Nature supplies a man in these moments, told him that she had noticed and was not opposed to it. It was a stone on which to step. The next was to draw her attention to what he had done.

"Do you mind my calling you by your Christian name?" he asked. "I used to call you Anne—do you remember—when I stayed here before?"

"Yes—I remember," she replied.

"Of course it makes a difference now; you're very much grown up. But I don't expect you feel very different, do you?"

"Well—it's not quite the same, is it?" said she. "Every girl feels a little different when she puts her hair up."

"You'd rather I didn't call you Anne, then?" he asked quickly.

"No—I—I think I like you to."

He knew then. He knew he had won. All that lay before him now were those glorious hours whilst he would lead her into the presence of love, that same love which he had spoken of to Christina, which one day soon he would be telling to Anne herself. For the moment he asked no more. You learn quickly that these hours and days are the most precious of all.

With Christina it had been different. There had been but one moment, a moment filled as much with pleasure as with pain. He had taken it then, rather than lose it altogether. But this with Anne was different now. He knew all the days he had before him, and, with the delight almost of an epicure, was content to pause and dally with the feast before his eyes.

A sudden sound of voices calling, came to them through the darkness from the river side. They stopped at once, leaning their heads toward it.

"Dicky! Dicky!"

They dimly heard his name and waited for the answering cry, but there was none.

"I don't know what I should do if anything had happened to him," said Anne tearfully.

"I don't think you have the slightest need to worry," replied Mr. Hollom. "I must tell you what happened yesterday. It'll probably explain a good deal."

He related then all that had taken place between himself and Dicky in the oak tree.

"When I asked him," he concluded, "if he'd like to go away at once, while I was here, he said, 'No, not now. I'll go in June.' Do you know why he waits till June?"

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Had it not been for the darkness, he might have seen her smile.

"Didn't he tell you anything about himself?" she asked presently.

"No—nothing except about his painting."

"Nothing about Dorothy Leggatt?"

"Oh—I see," said he. "I might have understood that—one's generally so quick to realise other people's love affairs—so slow to realise one's own. What's she like?"

"She's got brown hair and grey eyes," began Anne.

He laughed.

"No—I don't mean that," said he. "I don't suppose you could really tell me what I want to know. Well, you can see now, can't you, why Dicky's out so late?"

"But Dorothy's not with him. Mr. Leggatt said he left her at home."

"Yes—so he did. Well, then, I wonder what he is doing. You may be sure, at any rate, that it has something to do with his going away. Dicky's a queer chap, you know. There are a lot of things he likes to do all by himself. Even at the school, he used to have his own little schemes and keep them secret."

"Dicky! Dicky!"

They heard the cry again, still further, still fainter than before. There was no reply.

"Hadn't you better call, too?" asked Anne. A sudden fear seemed to contract her throat. Her voice was husky.

Mr. Hollom raised his hands to his mouth, made a hollow shell of them, and called.

"Dicky! Dicky!"

They stood quite still and listened. Out of the branches of an elm tree, an owl swept out with a rushing wing. One instant they saw it black in the darkness.

"Do you think he could hear that in the oak tree?" asked Mr. Hollom. "Because that's where he is—I'm sure of it."

"He ought to be able to," said Anne. "But why doesn't he answer? He must know how worried we should be."

"He's not thinking of other people just now," Mr. Hollom assured her. "Dicky's up against himself, and that's who he's thinking about. Come on—let's go on toward the hill—that's where we shall find him."

He tried his best to say it cheerfully, but hope was somewhat misgiving in him now. The thought that something might have happened to Dicky was no longer an impossibility, but a fear. Yet even as a fear he could not credit it. Destiny had Dicky in its hands, and Destiny would not so easily let him go.

"Dicky's very strange sometimes, you know," said Anne as they hurried onward. "When mother died, I used to think sometimes that he was going mad. He used to creep away so much alone. It was a long, long time before I could get him back to be himself again."

"I wish I'd had a sister like you, Anne."

"Why?"

He hesitated and then, without answering, put up his hands to his mouth once more and cried out Dicky's name. They stopped to listen and then went on in silence.

As they reached the foot of the hill they stood still. A noise had come at the same moment to their ears. In the darkness, Mr. Hollom held her hand; they bent forward, straining to catch the faintest sound.

"Did you hear, too?" whispered Anne.

"Yes—it was a twig cracking or something—listen."

"P'raps it's only a sheep."

"No—listen—I can hear steps—Dicky?"

"What is it?" came Dicky's voice through the blackness which surrounded them. "Whatever's the matter?"

"We've been hunting the whole country side for you, you young villain—that's what's the matter. Where've you been? What have you been doing?"

"I've been up there in the wood. Is the pater out looking for me, too?"

"Dicky," said Anne, as she took his arm closely in her hands, "you've given us all a terrible fright."

"You'd better go and find your father, young man, and let him know you're all right. He's hunting for you down by the river."

Dicky freed himself from the tightening of Anne's fingers and, with his

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hands deep in his pockets, slouched off once more out of sight.

"He's been hit, and hit badly," said Mr. Hollom when he had gone. "I suppose it's all good for him. It's the way women make men. One woman brings a child into the world and another sets to work to make a man of him. It's an interesting business. I wonder whom the world needs most, the woman who makes or the man who's made. I suppose it's the proverbial six of one to the old half-dozen of the other."

(*To be continued*)

THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

Broadway Publishing Company:

Truth Will Out: An Emergence from Chaos and Subterfuge into Light and Reality. By Seymour Supercern.

The Idyll of Lucinda Pearl. By Robert Boggs.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

Published by the Class of 1907 of Bryn Mawr College:

Carola Woerishoffer: Her Life and Work.

Ferris and Leach:

My Life in the Army: Three Years and a Half with the Fifth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, 1862-1865. By Robert Tilney.

Roebush-Elkins Company:

Sidney Lanier at Rockingham Springs. Where and How "The Science of English Verse" was Written. A New Chapter in American Letters. By John W. Wayland, Ph.D.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Recollections of a Great Lady: Being More Memoirs of the Comtesse De Boigne. Edited from the Original MS. by M. Charles Nicoullaud.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

Halcyone. By Elinor Glyn.

The Roses of Crein. By Beryl Symons.

A. S. Barnes Company:

A Bermuda Lily. By Virginia W. Johnson.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

A Man in the Open. By Roger Pocock.

The Sign at Six. By Stewart Edward White.

Where There's a Will. By Mary Roberts Rinehart.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Swords Reluctant. By Max Pemberton.

The Decision. From the French of Léon De Tinswau. Translated by Frank Alvah Dearborn.

Duffield and Company:

The Cobweb Cloak. By Helen Mackay.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

An American Wooing. By Florence Drummond.

John Lane Company:

The House of a Thousand Welcomes. By E. R. Lipsett.

The Tomboy and Others. By H. B. Marriott Watson.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Principal Girl. By J. C. Snaith.

MISCELLANEOUS

D. Appleton and Company:

Our Baby: A Concise and Practical Guide for the Use of Mothers in the Care and Feeding of Infants and Young Children. By Ralph Oakley Clock, M.D.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Moths of the Limberlost. By Gene Stratton-Porter.

Henry Holt and Company:

English Readings for Schools: Scott's Quentin Durward. Edited by Thomas H. Briggs.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University:

Provincial and Local Taxation in Canada. By Solomon Vineberg, Ph.D.

The Spirit of Chinese Philanthropy: A Study in Mutual Aid. By Yu-Yu Tsu, Ph.D.

A Comparative Study of the Law of Corporations, with Particular Reference to the Protection of Creditors and Shareholders. By Arthur K. Kuhn, Ph.D., LL.D.

British Radicalism. 1791-1797. By Walter Phelps Hall.

The Negro at Work in New York City. By George Edmund Haynes, Ph.D.

John W. Luce and Company:

In Wicklow, West Kerry, The Congested Districts, Under Ether. By J. M. Synge.

August Strindberg: Plays. The Father, Countess Julie, The Outlaw, The Stronger. Translated by Edith and Warner Oland.

McBride, Nast and Company:

A Shopping Guide to Paris and London. By Frances Sheafer Waxman.

Architectural Styles for Country Houses: The Characteristics and Merits of Various Types of Architecture as Set Forth by Enthusiastic Advocates. Edited by Henry H. Saylor.

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of July and the 1st of August:

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The First Lady of the Land. Davies and Nirdlinger. (Fly.) $1.25.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. The Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.35.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill). $1.00.
5. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The State. Wilson. (Heath.) $2.00.
4. Woodrow Wilson. Hale. (Doubleday, Page) 50 cents

Juveniles

1. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Girls of Friendly Terrace. Smith. (Page.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.

Juveniles

1. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents
3. The Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

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BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Blue Wall. Child. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Loss of the SS. Titanic. Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
3. Bird Guide. Flower Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
4. The Battle of April 19, 1775. Coburn. (Coburn.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Blue Wall. Child. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. Secret Service. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
6. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
4. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Border Watch. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. On the Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mind Cure. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
2. Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) $5.00.
3. Sexual Physiology. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
4. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The History of England. Fletcher and Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.80.
2. When Mother Lets Us Travel in Italy. Martin. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.00.
3. Very Short Stories. (Nelson Sons.) 75 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Blue Wall. Child. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Buttered Side Down. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.00.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. His Worldly Goods. Tuttle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Loss of the SS. Titanic. Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

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DALLAS, TEXAS

Fiction

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Buttered Side Down. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.00.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.

Juveniles

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Lonesome Land. Bower. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. The Squirrel Cage. Canfield. (Holt.) $1.35.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

DES MOINES, IA.

Fiction

1. Uncle Peter—Heathen. Stapp. (McKay.) $1.00.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
6. My Demon Motor Boat. Fitch. (Little, Brown.) $1.10.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
2. The Go-Hawk Series. Stapp. (McKay.) $1.00.
3. Motor Boy Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. The Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Simpkins Plot. Birmingham. (Hodder & Stoughton.) $1.20.
4. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Book of the Black Bass. Henshall. (Stewart-Kidd.) $3.00.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.20.
4. The Call of the Carpenter. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

Juveniles

1. Birds Every Child Should Know. Blanchan. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Mother West Wind's Children. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. Story of Columbus. Moores. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Fiction

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Last Try. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Fiction

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Goodly Fellowship. Schauffler. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

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6. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.

JUVENILES

1. Hollow Tree and Deep Woods. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Little Colonel Stories. Johnstone. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Stories from the Iliad. Church. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Whispers About Women. Merrick. (Kennerly.) $1.20.
2. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Ten Thousand Dollar Arm. Van Loan. (Small, Maynard.) $1.25.
6. Both Sides of the Shield. Butt. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60c.
2. Play Making. Archer. (Small, Maynard.) $2.00.
3. Plays. Strindberg. (Luce.) $1.50.
4. Modern Dramatists. Dukes. (Sergel.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Toby. Harris. (Small, Maynard.) $1.25.
3. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
5. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. Her Weight in Gold. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Social Life in the Insect World. Faber. (Century Co.) $3.00.
2. The Expert Waitress. Springsteed. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
4. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Poems of Childhood. Field. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Actor Manager. Merrick. (Kennerly.) $1.20.
2. The Man Who Understood Woman. Merrick. (Kennerly.) $1.20.
3. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
6. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
3. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) $1.50.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Ficiton

1. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. A Goodly Fellowship. Schauffler. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Everyman's Library. (Dutton.) 35 cents.
2. Land Birds. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75c.
3. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
4. The Jonathan Papers. Woodbridge. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. Miss Billy's Decision. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Post Stamp Catalog, 1912. (Scott.) 65 cents.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Fiction

1. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
6. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Irish Folk History Plays. Lady Gregory. (Putnam.) $3.00.
2. The Child of Dawn. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Terrible Meek. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Maxims of Cardinal Gibbons. (Murphy.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Glittering Festival. Harrison. (McClurg.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

Fiction

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Band Box. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
6. Officer 666. Currie and McHugh. (Fly.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Road to Joy. Willcox. (Harper.) 50c.
2. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50c.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.

Juveniles

1. The Birds' Christmas Carol. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50c.
2. Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.

OMAHA, NEB.

Fiction

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
5. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Baseball Joe of the Silver Stars. Chadwick. (Cupples & Leon.) $1.00.
2. High School Girls Series. Flower. (Altemus.) 50 cents.
3. Johnnie and Billie Bushy Tail. Garis. (Fenno.) 75 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Spanish Gold. Birmingham. (Doran.) $1.20.
6. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.

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3. The Diary of Francis Lady Shelley. Edgecombe. (Scribner.) $3.50.
4. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturgis & Walton.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.30.
4. The Major's Niece. Birmingham. (Doran.) $1.20.
5. Devil's Wind. Wentworth. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Man from Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Officer 666. Currie and McHugh. (Watt.) $1.25.
4. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychology of Salesmanship. Atkinson. (Fenno.) $1.00.
2. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
3. Auto Blue Book, No. 3. (Auto Blue Book Co.) $2.50.
4. Brooks' Auto. Hand Book. (Drake.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. A Graduate Coach. Hare. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. A West Point Lieutenant. Maline. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.
4. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) $1.50.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. "Hello Bill." (Caldwell.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts' Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. The Rose Fairies. McCabe. (Rand, McNally.) $1.25.
3. The Wells Brothers. Adams. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.35.
6. The Blue Wall. Child. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

NON-FCITION

1. Flower Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
2. Key to Trees. Collins and Preston. (Holt.) $1.35.
3. Making Home Profitable. St. Maur. (Sturgis & Walton.) $1.00.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.

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2. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. His Worldly Goods. Tuttle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Singing Man. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Psychology. James. (Holt.) $1.60.

JUVENILES

1. The Aeroplane Boys Series. Saylor. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.
2. The Boy Scouts Series. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
3. The Pony Rider Series. Patchin. (Altemus.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Child of the Dawn. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. On the Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
2. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Land We Live In. Price. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Inverted Torch. Alexander. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. Woman's Eyes. Ryder. (Robertson.)
3. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. The Border Watch. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) $1.50.

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3. How to Argue and Win. Kleiser. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.25.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Briggs.) $1.50.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) $1.50.
6. The Bandbox. Vance. (Copp.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. A Son of the Sun. London. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann the Iconoclast. (Herz Brothers.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
2. Boston School Cook Book. Farmer. $2.00.
3. Poems. Browning. (Crowell.) 75 cents.
4. Lessons in Truth. Cady. (Unity Co.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. The Battle Ship Boys. Patchin. (Altemus.) 50 cents.
2. Billy Whiskers Series. Montgomery. (Saalfield.) $1.00.
3. The Rover Boys Series. Weirfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Tell It Again Stories. Emerson and Dillingham. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
3. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any	list	receives	10
" "	2d	"	"	"	8
" "	3d	"	"	"	7
" "	4th	"	"	"	6
" "	5th	"	"	"	5
" "	6th	"	"	"	4

	POINTS
1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35	372
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	153
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00	151
4. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	124
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40	82
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25	76

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